CANTVS. Prim^o.

The first set

OF ENGLISH

Madrigalls,

to 4. 5. & 6. voyces.

Made and newly published
by
George Kirbye.

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1597.

CANTUS

OF ENGLISH

to 4, 5, & 6 voyces,

Compos'd by

To the vertuous, and very worthy Gentlewomen, Mistris Anne: and Mistris Frauncis Iermin, daughters to the right worshipfull, Syr Robert Iermin Knight, (his very good Maister) G.K. wisheth in this life, increase of all vertues, and in the life to come, the full fruition of all happinesse.

IT were a thing very vnnecessary (thrise worthy & vertuous gentlewomen) for mee (although I were able) to speake any thing in commendation & praise of Musicke, considering (besides that many learned men haue learnedly written in commendation thereof) the examples of times past, and our owne experience euery day, doth giue sufficient testimonie both of the pleasure and proffit that it bringeth to a distressed & melancholy mind. Also I think it conuenient not to answere (otherwise then with silence) to those (more senceless then brute beastes) that, with open mouthes doe in-veigh, & speake all the euill they can against that excellent knowledge. But it standeth mee in hand, rather to craue pardon, for this my boldnes, in putting to the veiw of so many learned Musitions, (which this age & Realme affordeth) these first fruites of my poore knowledge in Musicke, yet I hope, that as they themselues had small entrances, beefore they came to their perfection, so they will fauourably, accept of these beginnings, looking for better hereafter: And in hope of their better likings, I haue made choise of you to patronise these my labours, as well for the Hæreditarie vertues of your godly parentes alreadie dwelling in you, as also for the delight, knowledge, and practise which you haue in Musicke, in the which few or none (that I know) can excell you. Vouchsafe therefore (worthy Mistrisses) to vndertake the tuition of that, which by right & equitie, you may challenge for your owne, being no straungers, but home bredd, & which for your delight & cõtentments were first by me compiled: & as you seemed to like them, being mine, so I doe not doubt but you will more fauour them, now beeing your owne. Then I (your deuoted seruant) shall think my paines heerein very well rewarded, & be better encouraged to employ my time hereafter in your further seruice.

Yours in all duetie,

George Kirbye.

THE TABLE

Songs to 4. voyces.

LOE heere my heart I leaue. I
Alas what hope of speeding. II
What can I doe my deareſt. III
Woe am I my hart dies. IIII
Farewell my loue. V
Sleep now my Muſe. VI

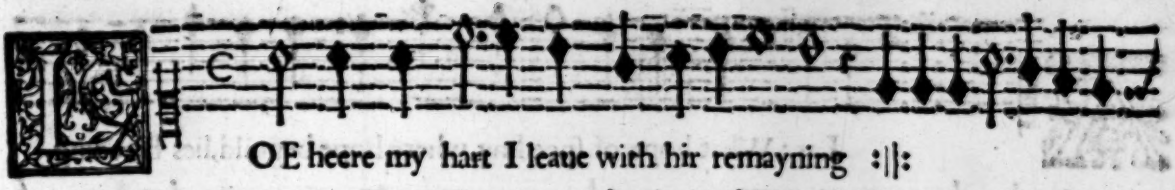
Songs to 5. voyces.

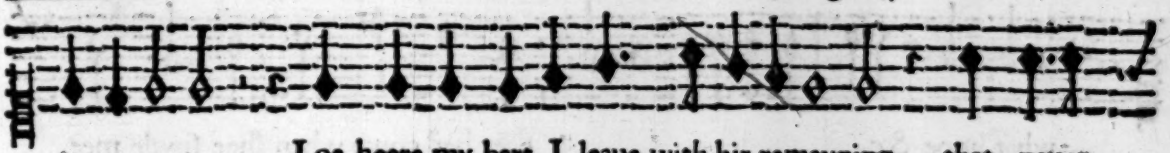
Ah ſweet alas when firſt I ſaw. VII
Mourne now my ſoule. VIII
Sound out my voyce. 1. part. IX
Shee that my plaints. 2. part. X
What ſhall I part thus vnrewarded. XI
Sorrow conſumes mee. 1. part. XII
Oh heauens. 2. part. XIII
Why ſhould I loue. XIIII
Sweet loue, ſweet loue. XV
That Muſe which ſoung, XVI
See what a maze of error. XVII
If pittie reigne with beautie. XVIII

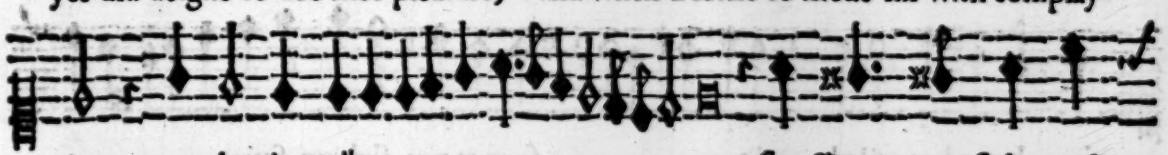
Songs to 6. voyces.

Ah cruell hatefull fortune. XIX
I loue alas, yet am I not beloued. XX
Muſt I part my ſweet iewell. XXI
Vp then, Melpomene. 1. part. XXII
Why waile wee thus. 2. part. XXIII
Sleep now my Muſe. XXIIII

FINIS.

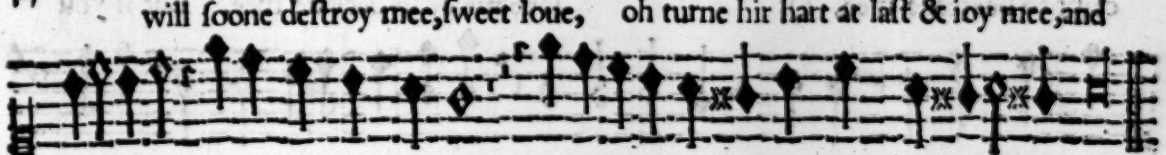
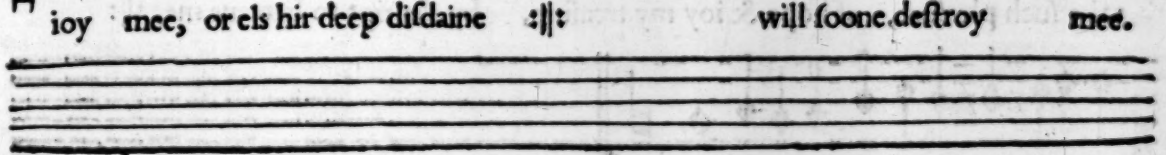
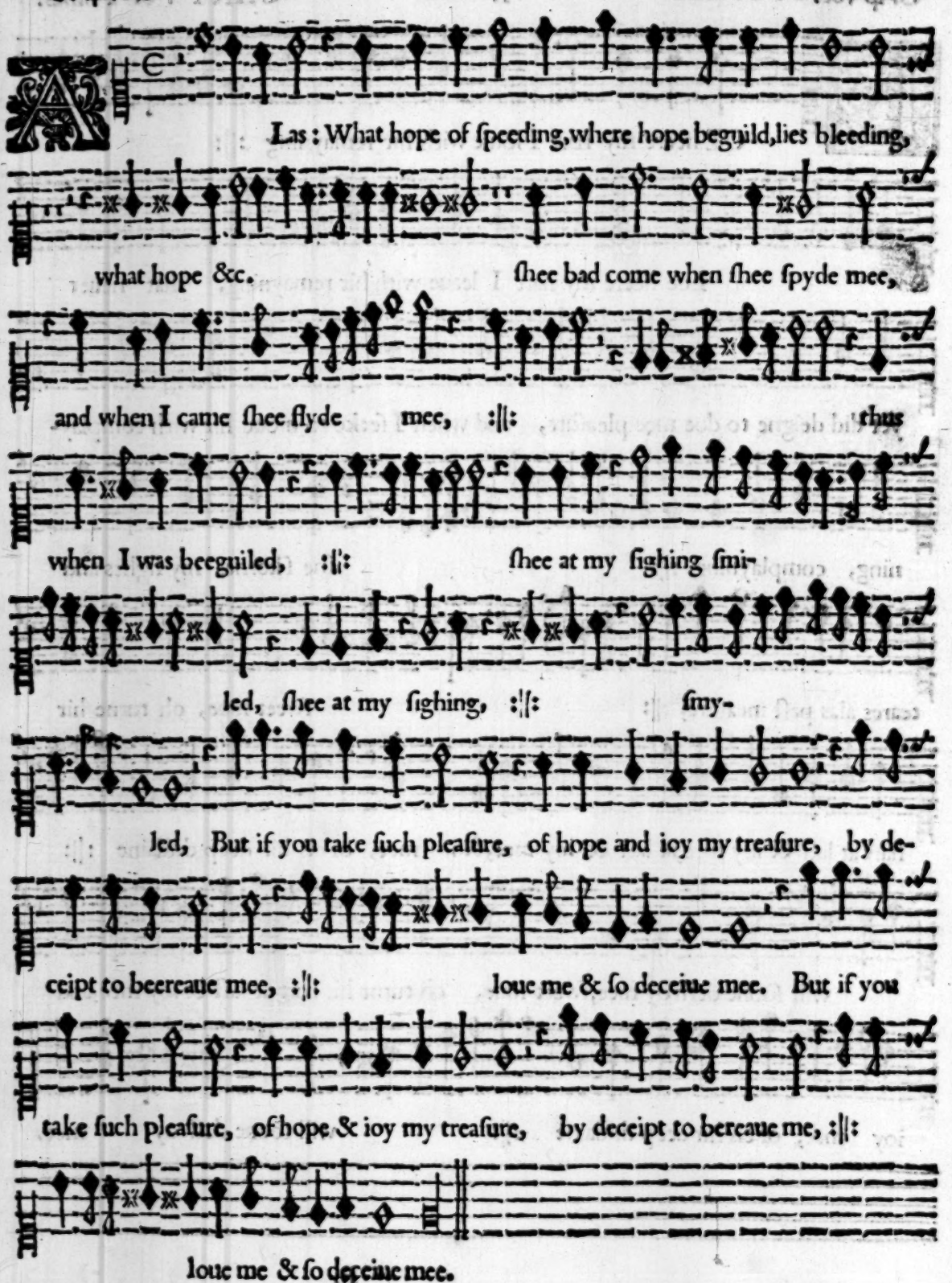
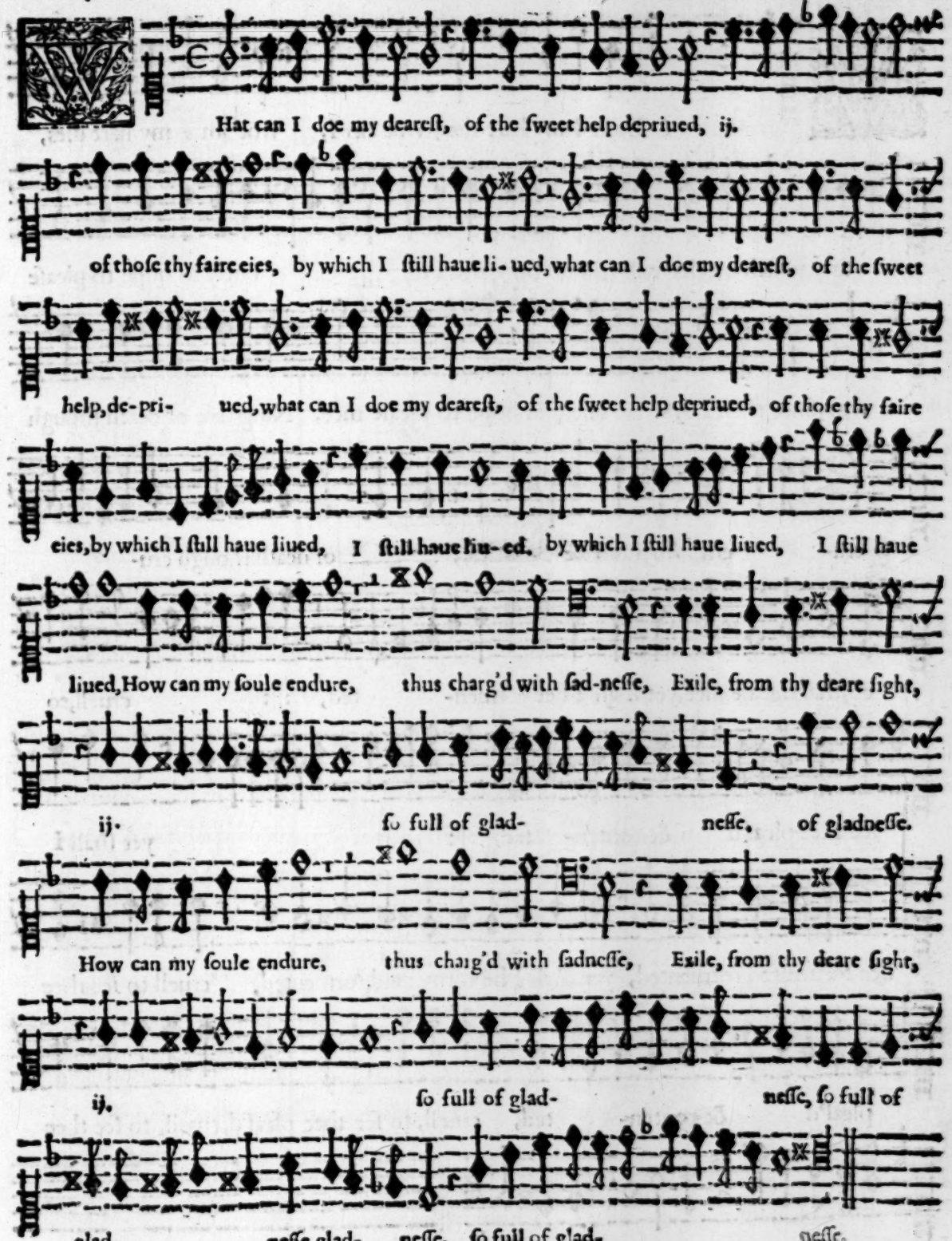
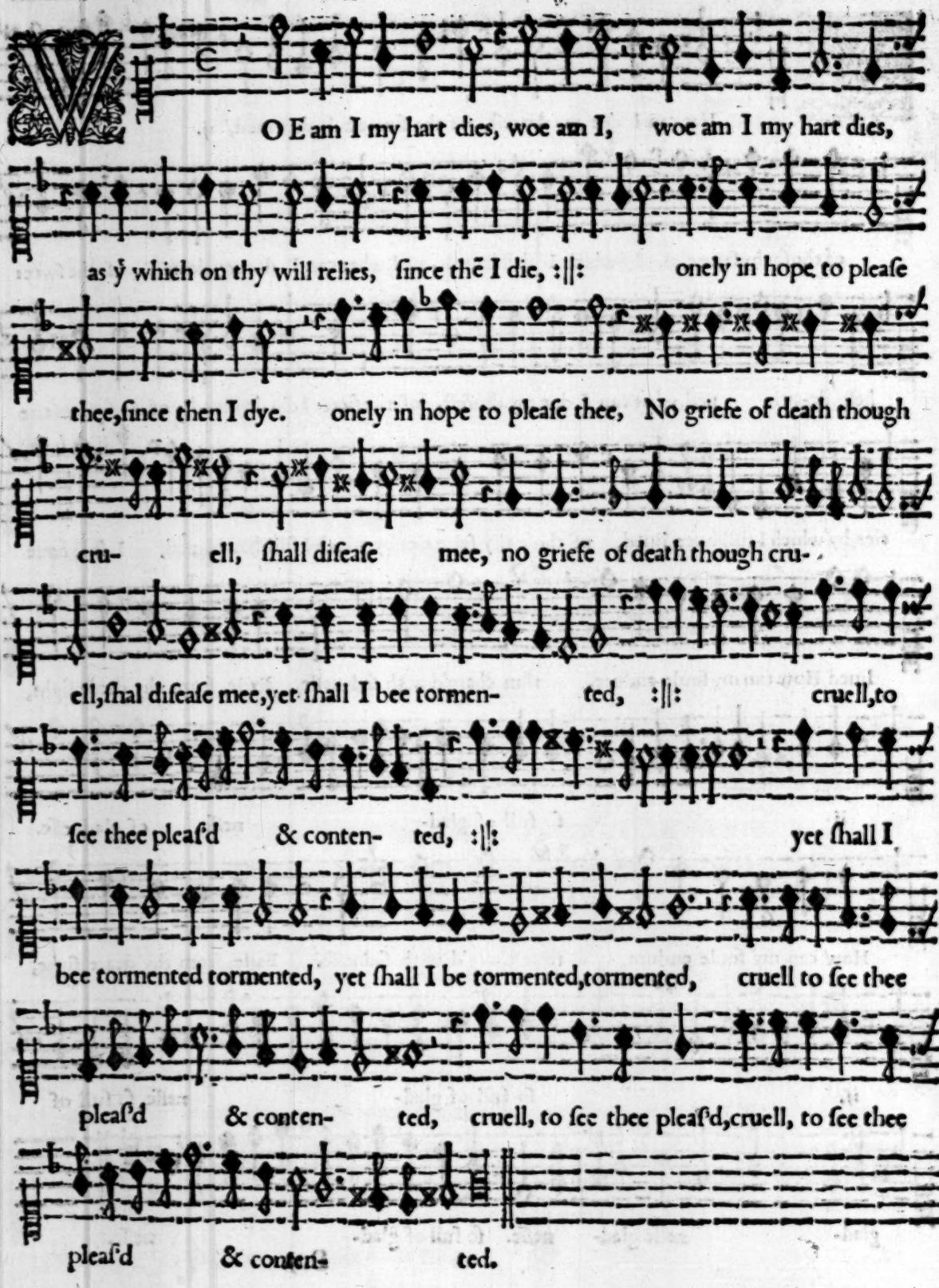


LOE heere my hart I leaue with hir remayning :||:

Loe heere my hart I leaue with hir remayning, that neuer

yet did deigne to doe mee pleaſure, and when I ſeeke to moue hir with complay-

ning, complayning :||: ſhe ſkornes my ſighes and

teares alas paſt meaſure, :||: ſweet loue, oh turne hir

hart at laſt & ioy mee, at laſt & ioy mee, & ioy mee, or els hir deep diſdaine :||:

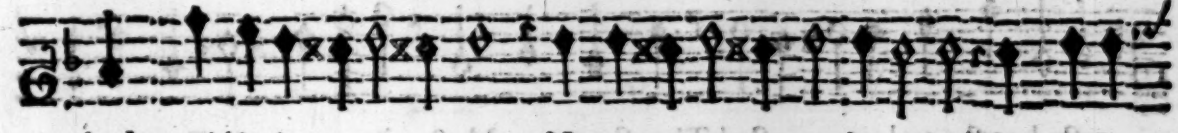
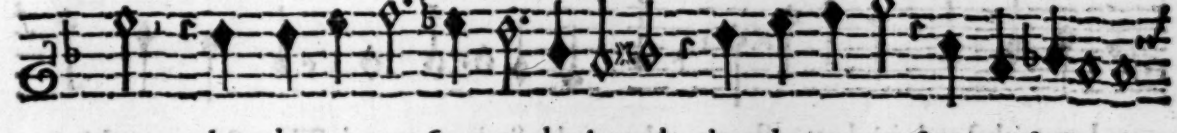
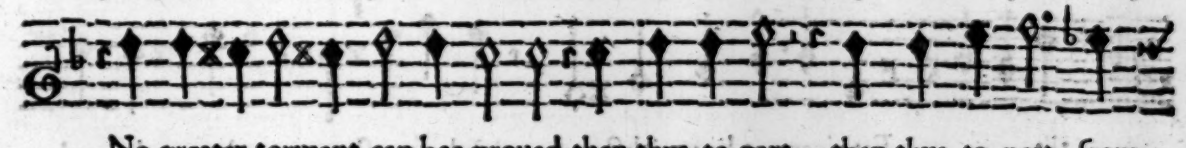
will ſoone deſtroy mee, ſweet loue, oh turne hir hart at laſt & ioy mee, and

ioy mee, or els hir deep diſdaine :||: will ſoone deſtroy mee.

Las: What hope of ſpeeding, where hope beguild, lies bleeding,
what hope &c.
ſhee bad come when ſhee ſpyde mee,
and when I came ſhee flyde mee, :||: thus
when I was beeguiled, :||: ſhee at my ſighing ſmi-
led, ſhee at my ſighing, :||: ſmy-
led, But if you take ſuch pleaſure, of hope and ioy my treaſure, by de-
ceipt to beereaue mee, :||: loue me & ſo deceiue mee. But if you
take ſuch pleaſure, of hope & ioy my treaſure, by deceipt to bereaue me, :||:
loue me & ſo deceiue mee.

What can I doe my dearest, of the sweet help depriued, ij.
of those thy faire eies, by which I still haue li- ued, what can I doe my dearest, of the sweet
help, de- pri- ued, what can I doe my dearest, of the sweet help depriued, of those thy faire
eies, by which I still haue liued, I still haue liu- ed. by which I still haue liued, I still haue
liued, How can my soule endure, thus charg'd with sad-nesse, Exile, from thy deare sight,
ij. so full of glad- nesse, of gladnesse.
How can my soule endure, thus charg'd with sadnesse, Exile, from thy deare sight,
ij. so full of glad- nesse, so full of
glad- nesse. glad- nesse. so full of glad- nesse.

WOE am I my hart dies, woe am I, woe am I my hart dies,
as ỹ which on thy will relies, ſince thē I die, :||: onely in hope to pleaſe
thee, ſince then I dye. onely in hope to pleaſe thee, No griefe of death though
cru- ell, ſhall diſeaſe mee, no griefe of death though cru-
ell, ſhal diſeaſe mee, yet ſhall I bee tormen- ted, :||: cruell, to
ſee thee pleaſ'd & conten- ted, :||: yet ſhall I
bee tormented tormented, yet ſhall I be tormented, tormented, cruell to ſee thee
pleaſ'd & conten- ted, cruell, to ſee thee pleaſ'd, cruell, to ſee thee
pleaſ'd & conten- ted.

Farewell my loue, I part contented, :||:

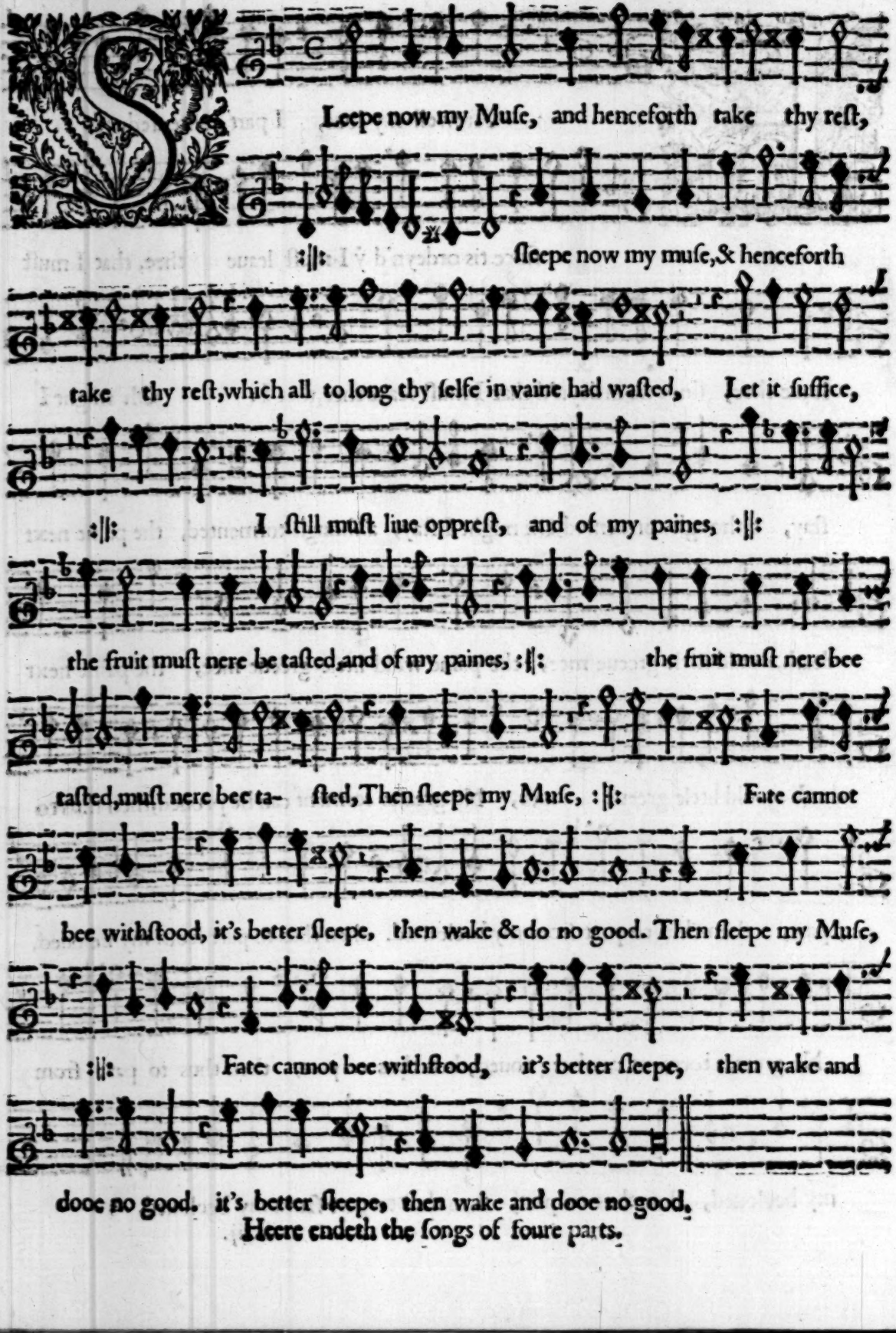
since tis ordeyn'd ỳ I muſt leaue thee, that I muſt

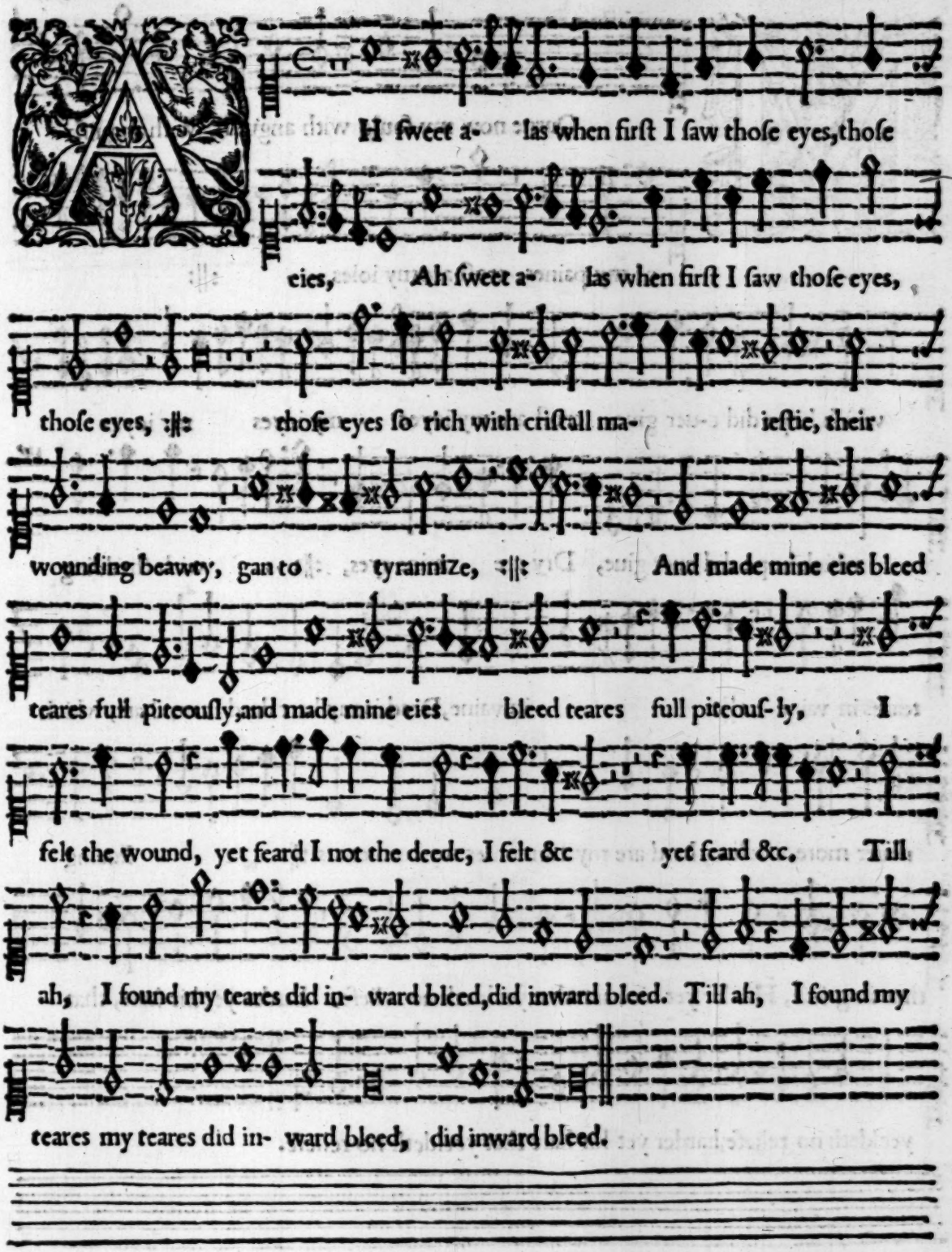
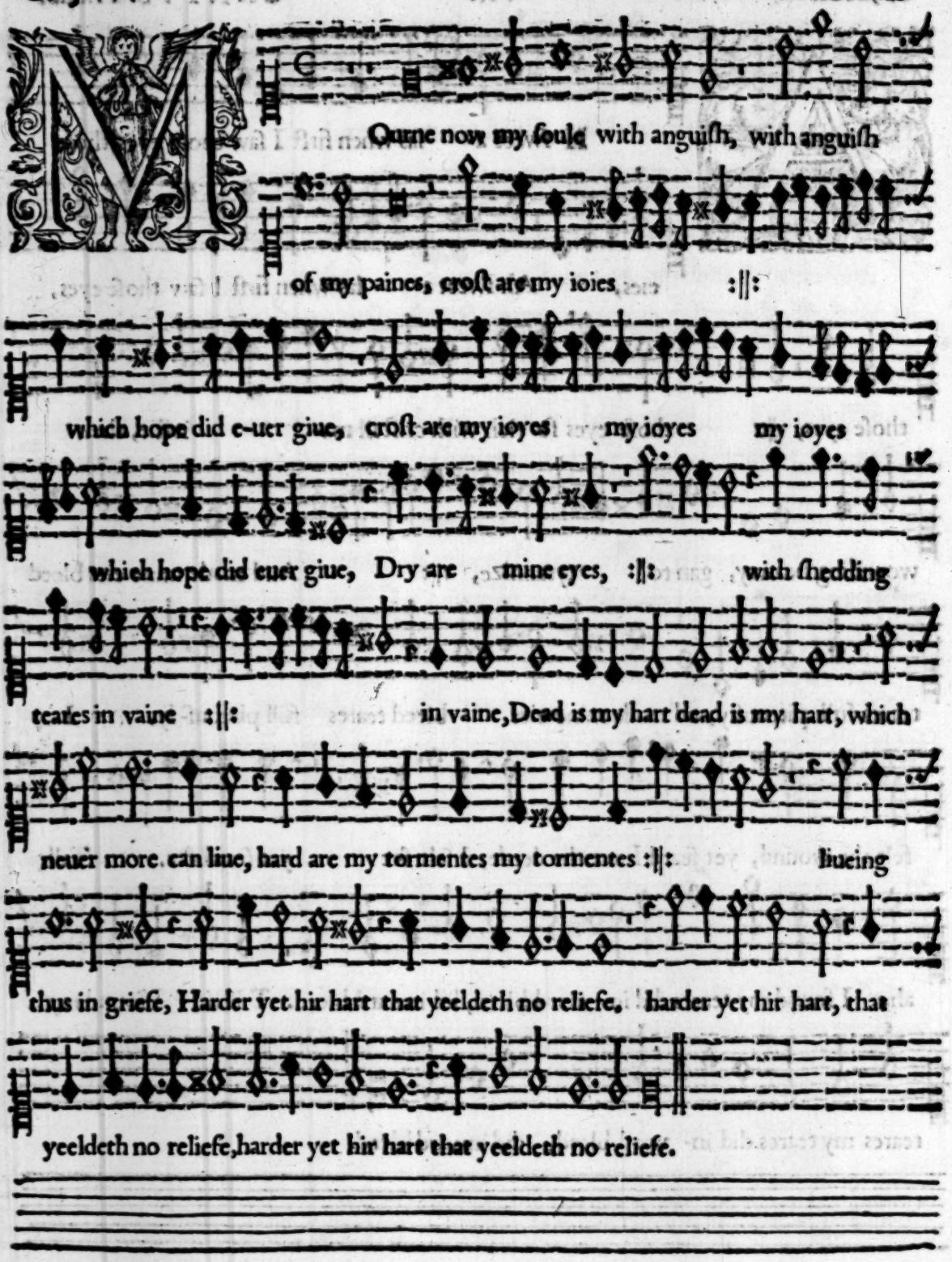
leaue thee, ſince tis ordeyn'd that I muſt leaue thee, that I: Oh might I

ſtay, although tormented, Oh might I ſtay, although tormented, the paine next

death, would little greeue mee, the paine wold little greeue mee, the paine next

death would little greeue mee, No greater torment can be proued, then thus to

part, then thus to part from my beelou-ed. then thus to part from my beloued,

No greater torment can bee proued, then thus to part, then thus to part from

my beeloued, then thus to part, then thus to part from my beeloued.


Leepe now my Muſe, and henceforth take thy reſt,
ſleepe now my muſe,& henceforth
take thy reſt,which all to long thy ſelfe in vaine had waſted, Let it ſuffice,
I ſtill muſt liue oppreſt, and of my paines,
the fruit muſt nere be taſted,and of my paines,
the fruit muſt nere bee
taſted,muſt nere bee ta- ſted,Then ſleepe my Muſe,
Fate cannot
bee withſtood, it's better ſleepe, then wake & do no good. Then ſleepe my Muſe,
Fate cannot bee withſtood, it's better ſleepe, then wake and
dooe no good. it's better ſleepe, then wake and dooe no good.

Heere endeth the ſongs of foure parts.

AH sweet alas when first I saw those eyes, those
eies, Ah sweet alas when first I saw those eyes,
those eyes, :||: those eyes so rich with cristall ma- iestie, their
wounding beawty, gan to tyrannize, :||: And made mine eies bleed
teares full piteously, and made mine eies bleed teares full piteous-ly, I
felt the wound, yet feard I not the deede, I felt &c yet feard &c. Till
ah, I found my teares did in- ward bleed, did inward bleed. Till ah, I found my
teares my teares did in- ward bleed, did inward bleed.

Mourne now my soule with anguish, with anguish
of my paines, croſt are my ioies :||:
which hope did e-uer giue, croſt are my ioyes my ioyes my ioyes
which hope did euer giue, Dry are mine eyes, :||: with ſhedding
teares in vaine :||: in vaine, Dead is my hart dead is my hart, which
neuer more can liue, hard are my tormentes my tormentes :||: liueing
thus in griefe, Harder yet hir hart that yeeldeth no reliefe, harder yet hir hart, that
yeeldeth no reliefe, harder yet hir hart that yeeldeth no reliefe.

Ound out my voice, with pleasant tunes recording, with

plea-sant tunes recording, Sound out my voice, with pleasant

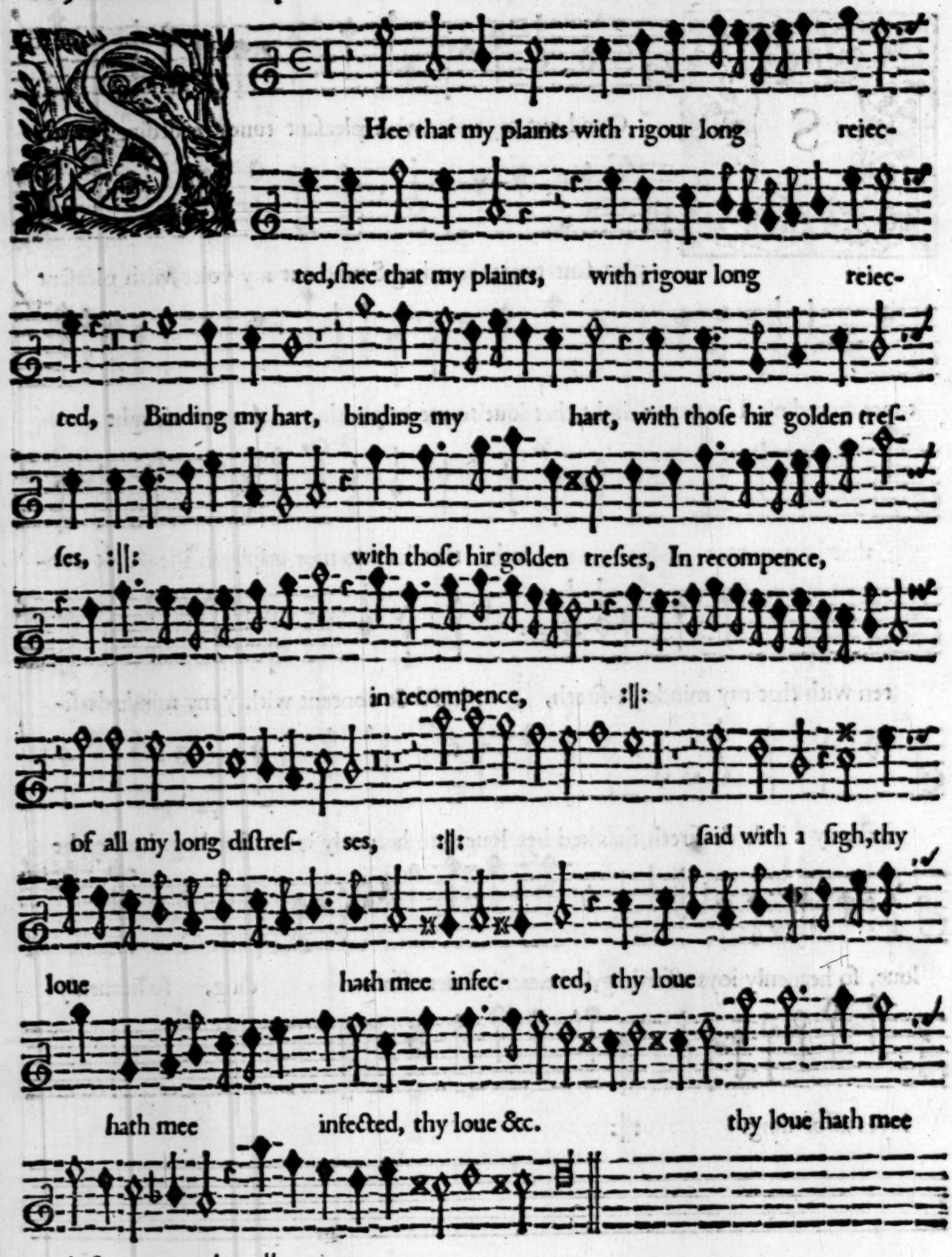
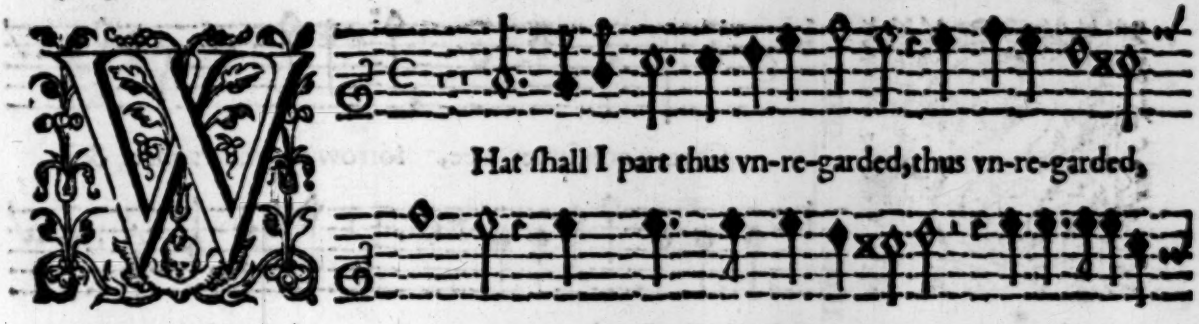
tunes recording, The new delight, that loue to me inspireth, the new delight

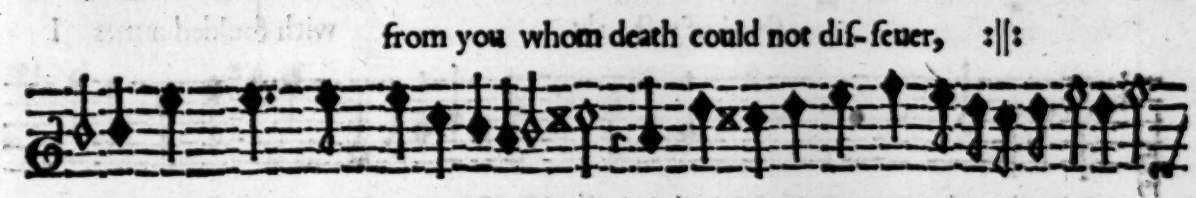
that loue to mee in-spi- reth, that loue to mee inspireth, Pleas'd & con-

ten with that my minde de-sireth, pleas'd & content with ỳ my minde de-si-

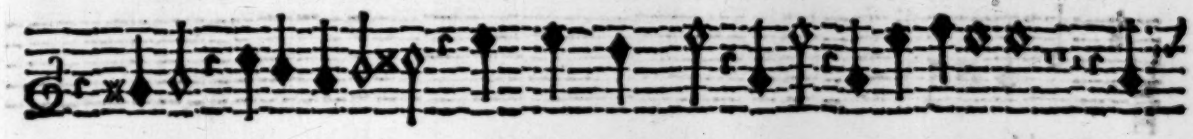
reth, my minde de-sireth, thanked bee loue, so heauenly ioies affording. thanked be

loue, so heauenly ioys affording, so heauenly ioies affor- ding, so heauenly

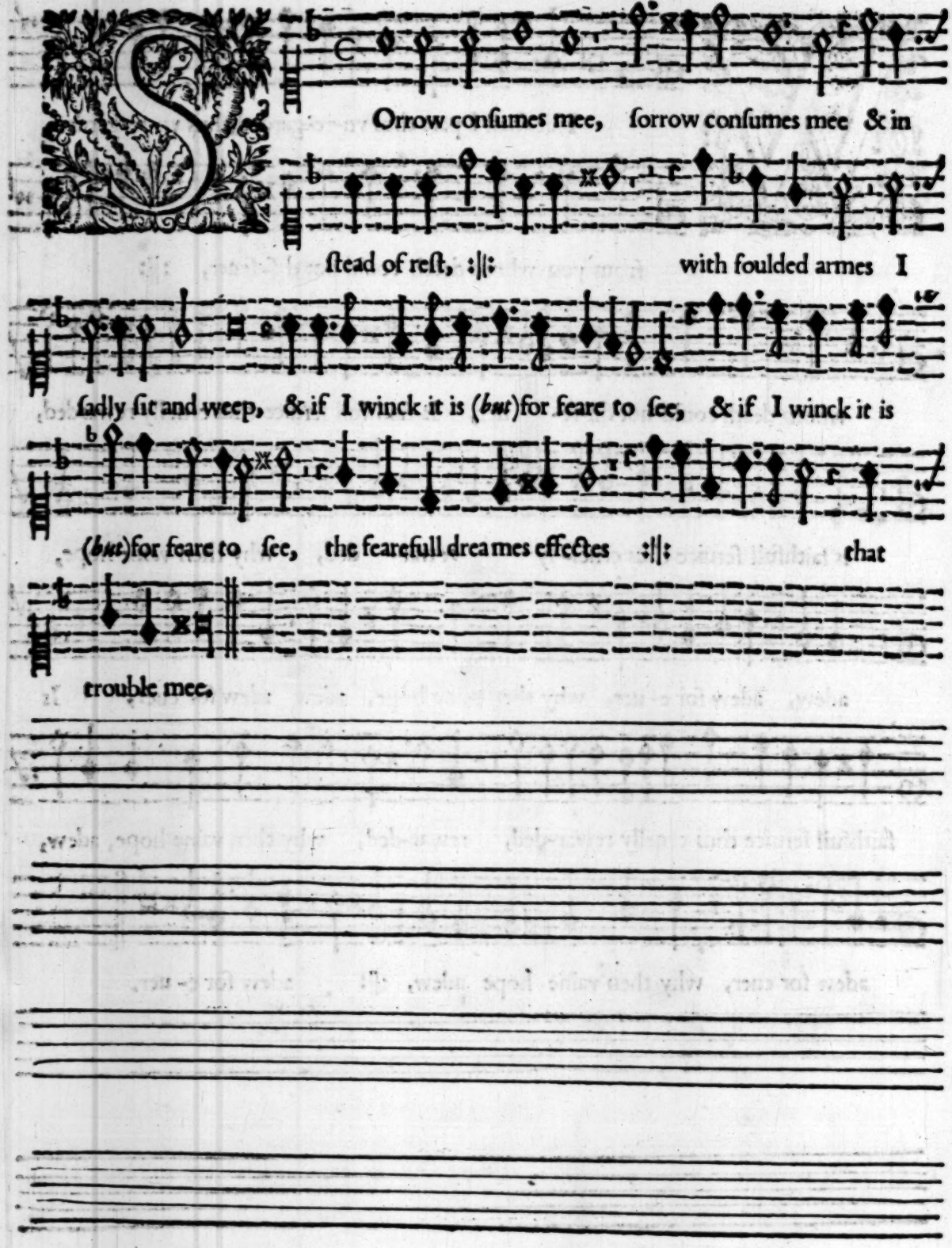
ioyes affor-ding. :||:

Hee that my plaints with rigour long reiec-
ted, ſhee that my plaints, with rigour long reiec-
ted, Binding my hart, binding my hart, with thoſe hir golden treſ-
ſes, :||: with thoſe hir golden treſses, In recompence,
in recompence, :||:
of all my long diſtreſ- ses, :||: ſaid with a ſigh, thy
loue hath mee infec- ted, thy loue
hath mee infected, thy loue &c. thy loue hath mee
infec- ted, :||:

What ſhall I part thus vn-re-garded, thus vn-re-garded,


from you whom death could not diſ-ſeuer, :||:

whom death could not diſ-ſe- uer, Is faithfull ſeruice thus cruelly rewarded,

is faithfull ſeruice thus cruel- ly rewar- ded, why then vaine hope,

adew, adew for e- uer, why then vaine hope, adew adew for euer, Is

faithfull ſeruice thus cruelly rewar-ded, rewar-ded, why then vaine hope, adew,

adew for euer, why then vaine hope adew, :||: adew for e- uer.

Orrow conſumes mee, ſorrow conſumes mee & in
ſtead of reſt, :||: with foulded armes I
ſadly ſit and weep, & if I winck it is (but) for feare to ſee, & if I winck it is
(but) for feare to ſee, the fearefull dreames effectes :||: that
trouble mee.

heauens what ſhall I doe ? what ſhall I doe ?

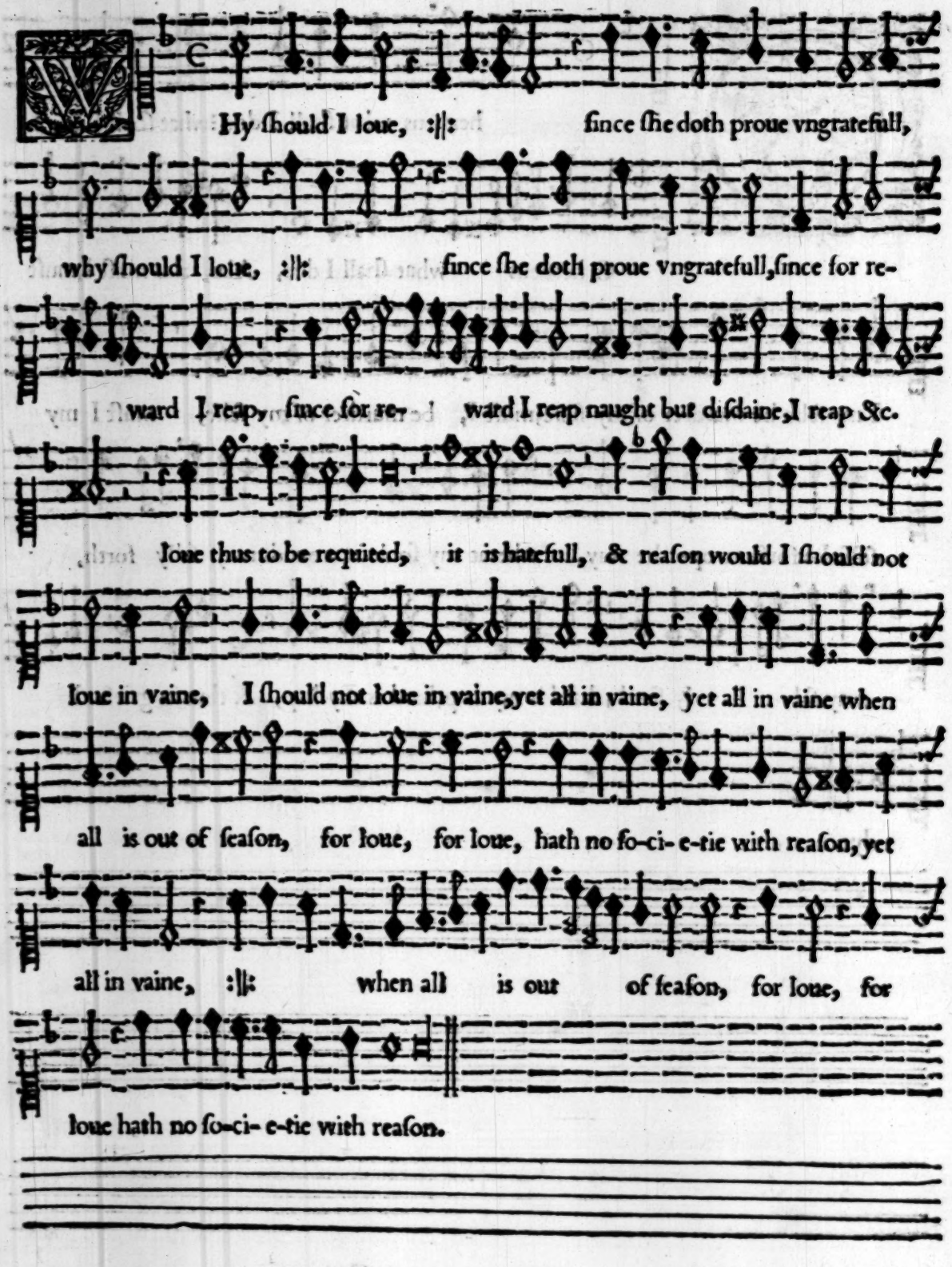
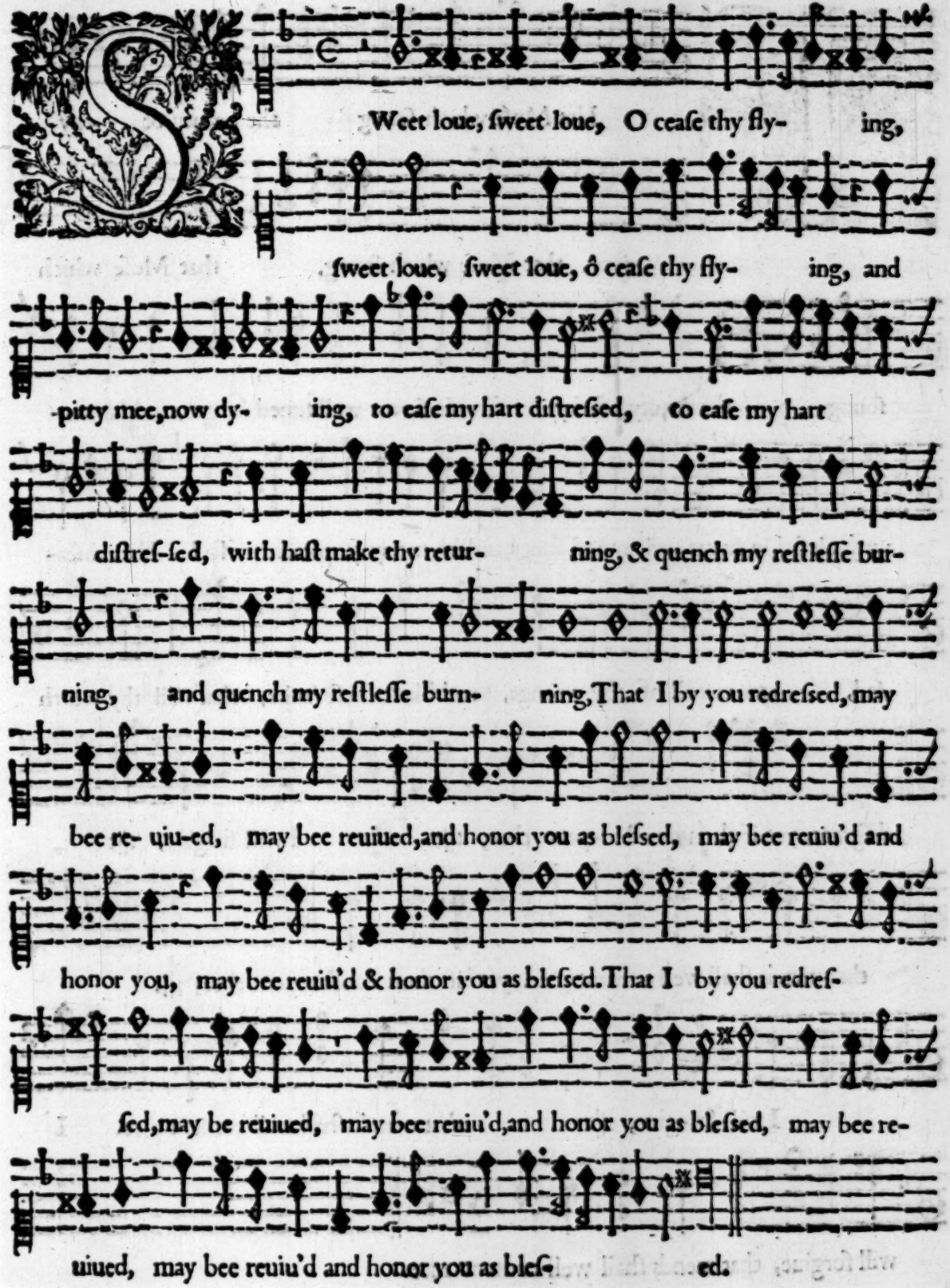
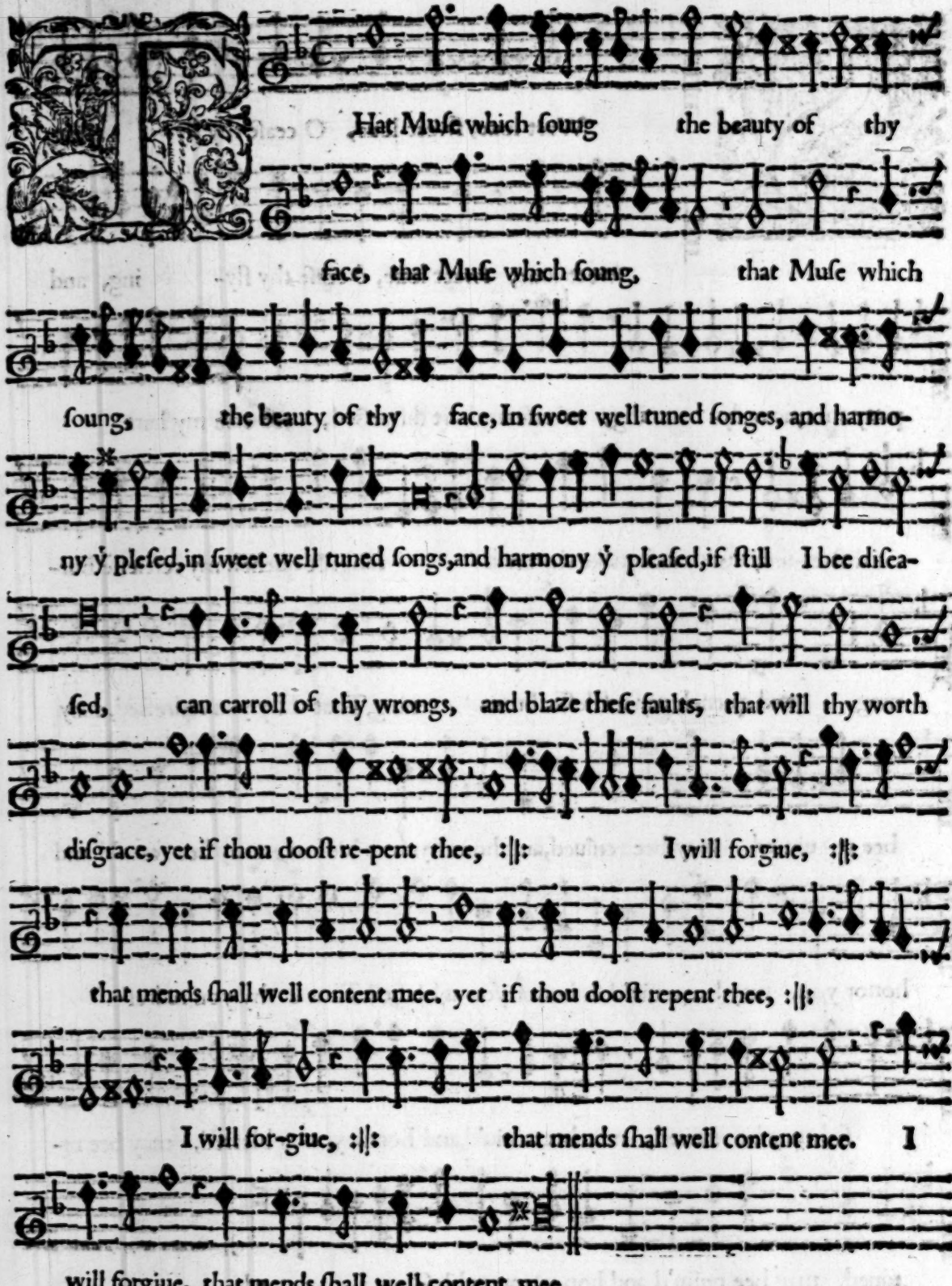
O heauens what ſhall I doe, Alas, alas muſt I, muſt

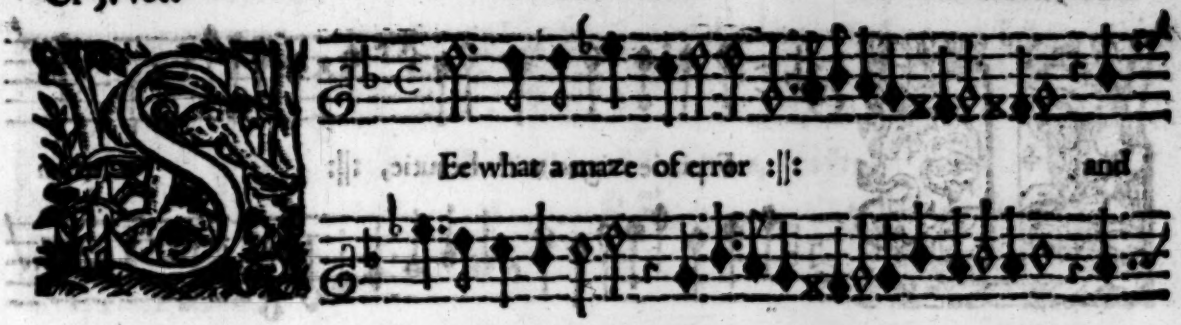
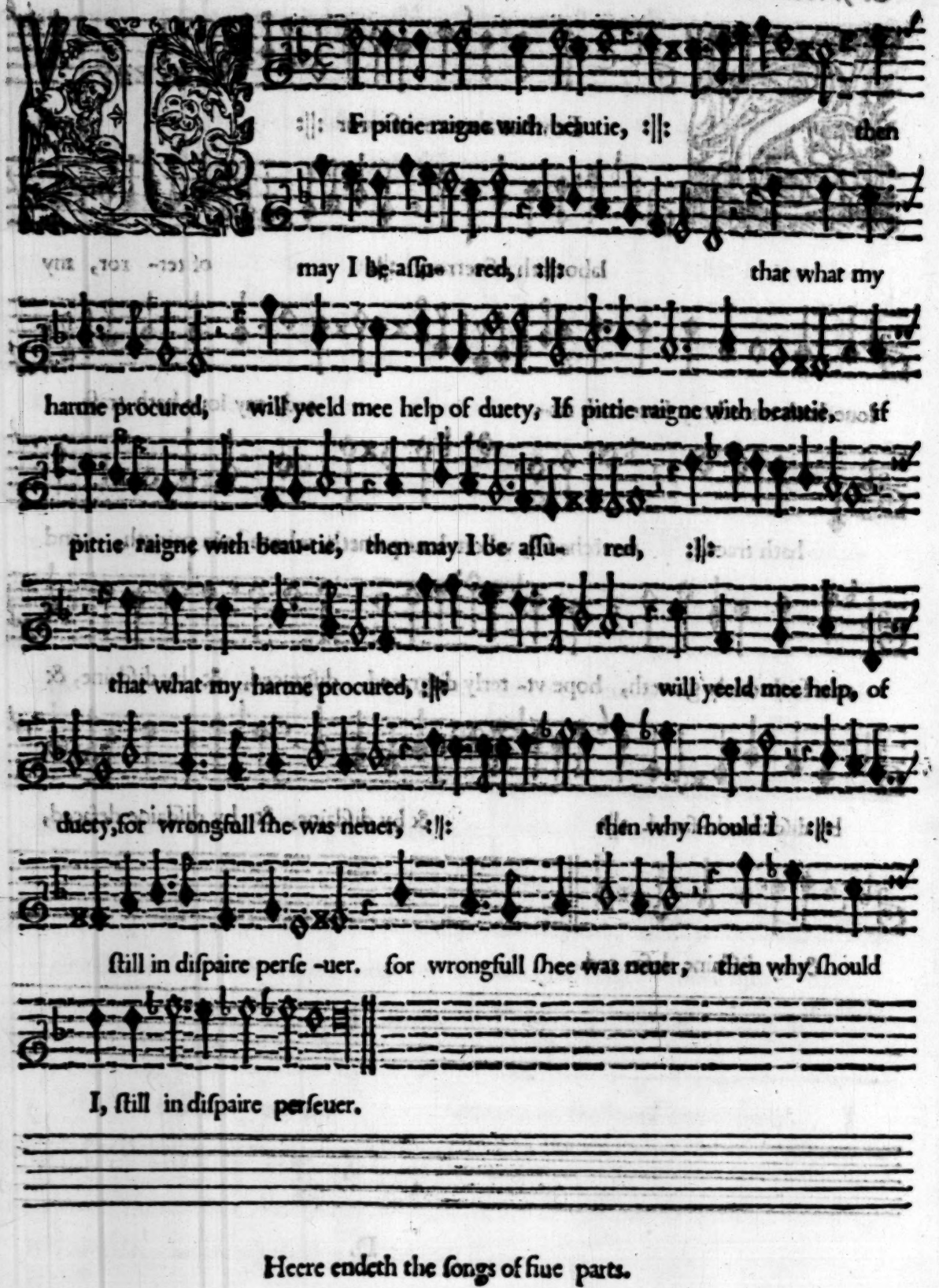
I my ſelfe be murdrer of my ſelfe, muſt I, be murdrer of my ſelfe, muſt I my

ſelfe be forſt to ope the way, wherat my ſoule in wounds may ſally forth,

may ſal- ly forth, hard is my hap, hard is my hap, & thus in griefe I

dye.


Why ſhould I loue, :||: ſince ſhe doth proue vngratefull,
why ſhould I loue, :||: ſince ſhe doth proue vngratefull, ſince for re-
ward I reap, ſince for re- ward I reap naught but diſdaine, I reap &c.
loue thus to be requited, it is hatefull, & reaſon would I ſhould not
loue in vaine, I ſhould not loue in vaine, yet all in vaine, yet all in vaine when
all is out of ſeaſon, for loue, for loue, hath no ſo-ci- e-tie with reaſon, yet
all in vaine, :||: when all is out of ſeaſon, for loue, for
loue hath no ſo-ci- e-tie with reaſon.

Weet loue, ſweet loue, O ceaſe thy fly- ing,
ſweet loue, ſweet loue, ô ceaſe thy fly- ing, and
-pitty mee, now dy- ing, to eaſe my hart diſtreſsed, to eaſe my hart
diſtreſ-ſed, with haſt make thy retur- ning, & quench my reſtleſſe bur-
ning, and quench my reſtleſſe burn- ning, That I by you redreſsed, may
bee re- uiu-ed, may bee reuiued, and honor you as bleſsed, may bee reuiu'd and
honor you, may bee reuiu'd & honor you as bleſsed. That I by you redreſ-
ſed, may be reuiued, may bee reuiu'd, and honor you as bleſsed, may bee re-
uiued, may bee reuiu'd and honor you as bleſ- ed.

THat Muſe which ſoung the beauty of thy
face, that Muſe which ſoung, that Muſe which
ſoung, the beauty of thy face, In ſweet well tuned ſonges, and harmo-
ny ỳ pleſed, in ſweet well tuned ſongs, and harmony ỳ pleaſed, if ſtill I bee diſea-
ſed, can carroll of thy wrongs, and blaze theſe faults, that will thy worth
diſgrace, yet if thou dooſt re-pent thee, :||: I will forgiue, :||:
that mends ſhall well content mee. yet if thou dooſt repent thee, :||:
I will for-giue, :||: that mends ſhall well content mee. I
will forgiue, that mends ſhall well content mee.


See what a maze of error and
laborinth of terror, of ter- ror, my
loue hath traced, my loue hath tra- ced, my loue hath traſt,
hath traced, wretched I, whom loue paineth, whom loue paineth, and
true faith onely gaineth, hope vt- terly diſgraced, diſgraced, & by diſdaine, &
by diſdaine de-faced. & by diſdaine, & by diſdaine defaced,
& by diſdaine defa- ced.

:||: If pittie raigne with beautie, :||: then
may I be assu- red, :||: that what my
harme procured, will yeeld mee help of duety, If pittie raigne with beautie, if
pittie raigne with beau-tie, then may I be assu- red, :||:
that what my harme procured, :||: will yeeld mee help, of
duety, for wrongfull she was neuer, :||: then why should I :||:
still in dispaire perse -uer. for wrongfull shee was neuer, then why should
I, still in dispaire perseuer.

Heere endeth the songs of fiue parts.

H cruell hateſull fortune, :||:

now muſt I death importune, ſince that I am of all my hope

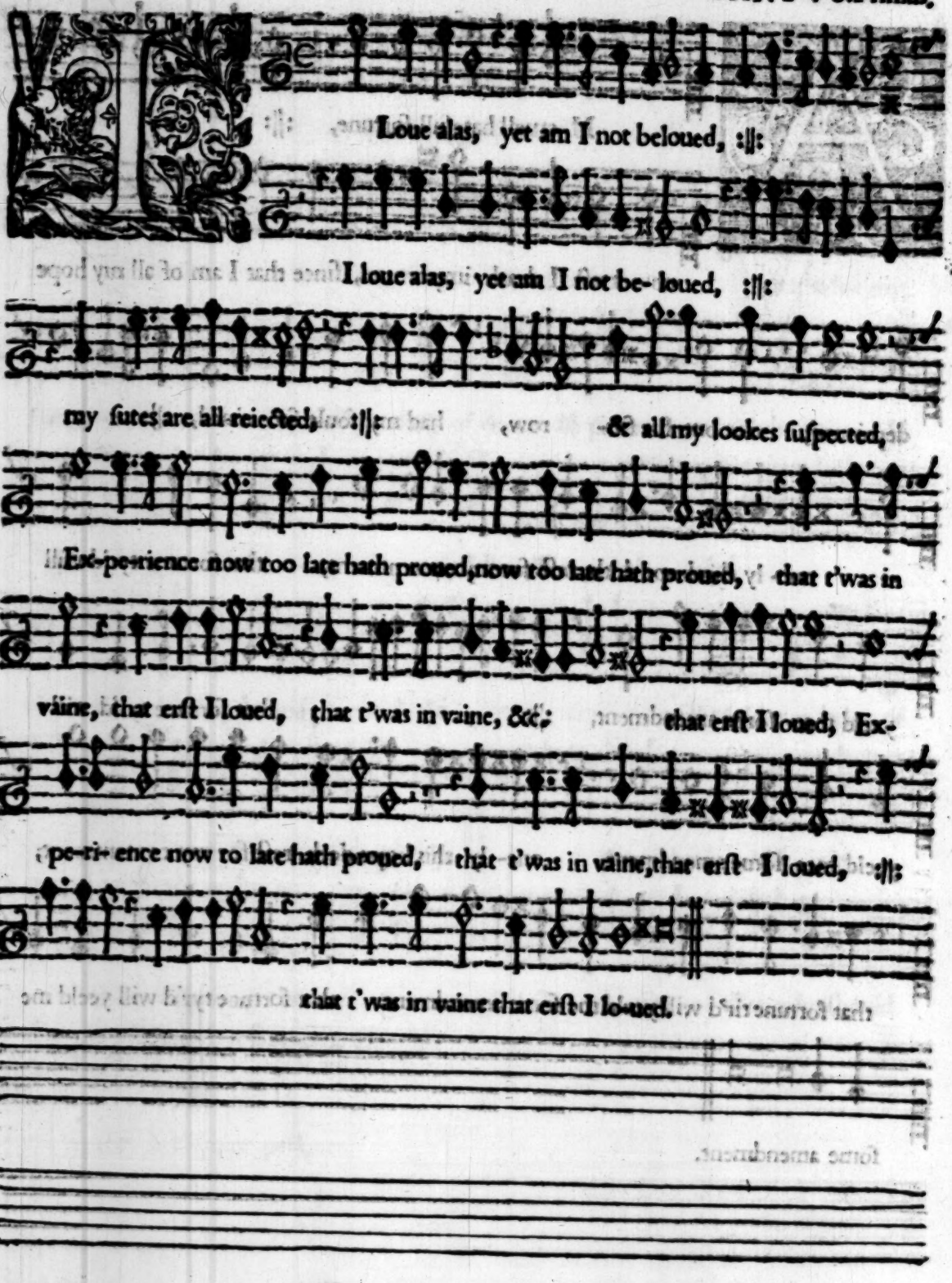
depri-ued, nor but for ſor- row, had my ſoule ſor- ſaken, :||:

mis- ly this hope doth reſt for my contentment, that fortune tyr'd will

yeeld mee ſome amendment, :||: that fortune tyr'd will

yeeld mee ſome amendment, one- ly this hope doth reſt for my contentment;

that fortune tir'd will yeeld me ſome amendment, that fortune tyr'd will yeeld me

ſome amendment.

Loue alas, yet am I not beloued, :||:
I loue alas, yet am I not be- loued, :||:
my ſutes are all reiected, :||: & all my lookes ſuſpected,
Ex-pe-rience now too late hath proued, now too late hath proued, that t'was in
vaine, that erſt I loued, that t'was in vaine, &c. that erſt I loued, Ex-
pe-ri- ence now too late hath proued, that t'was in vaine, that erſt I loued, :||:
that t'was in vaine that erſt I lo-ued.

Vſt I part, O my Iuell, hapleſſe, hap- leſſe,

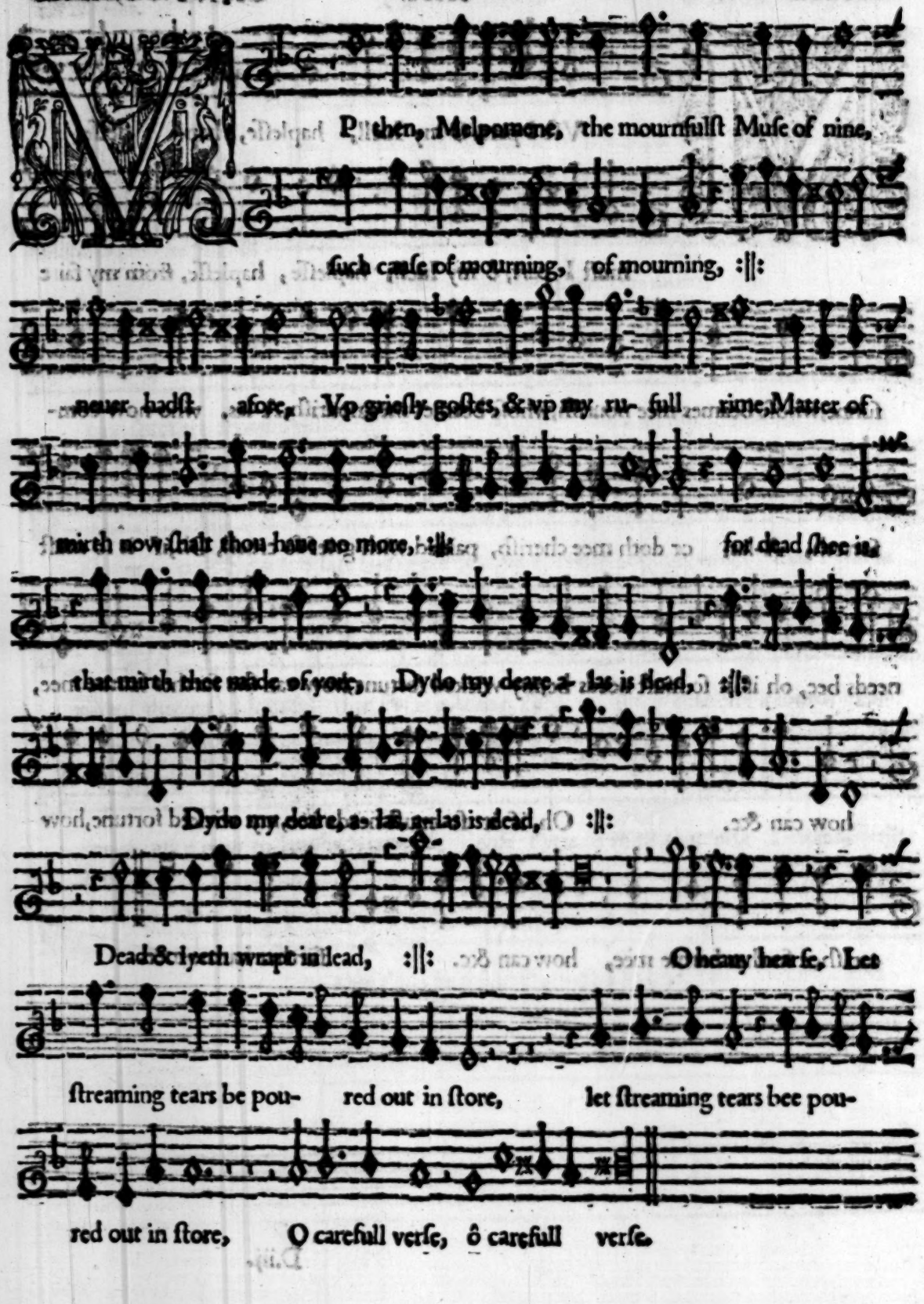
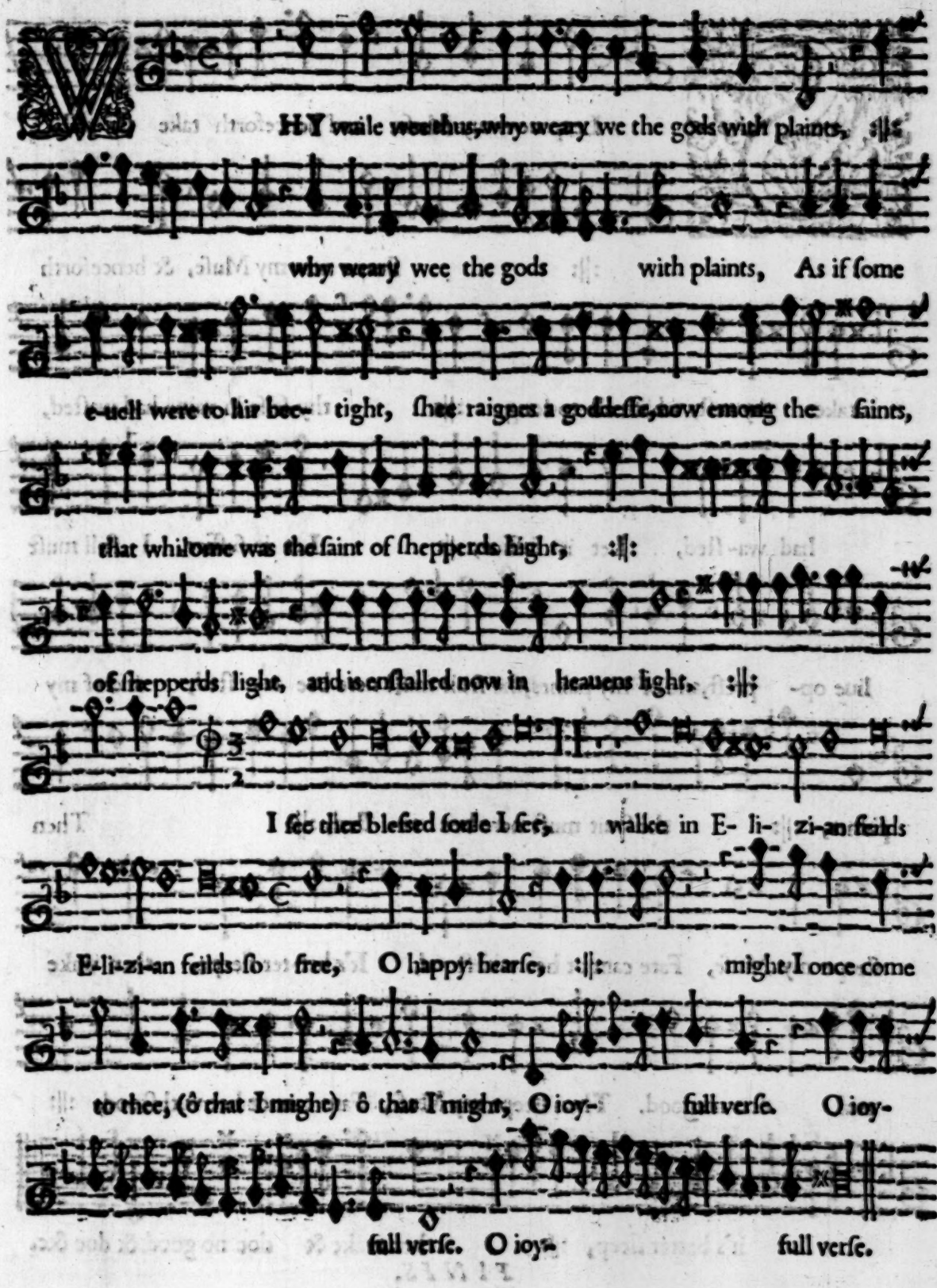
muſt I part, ô my Iuell, hapleſſe, hapleſſe, from my faire

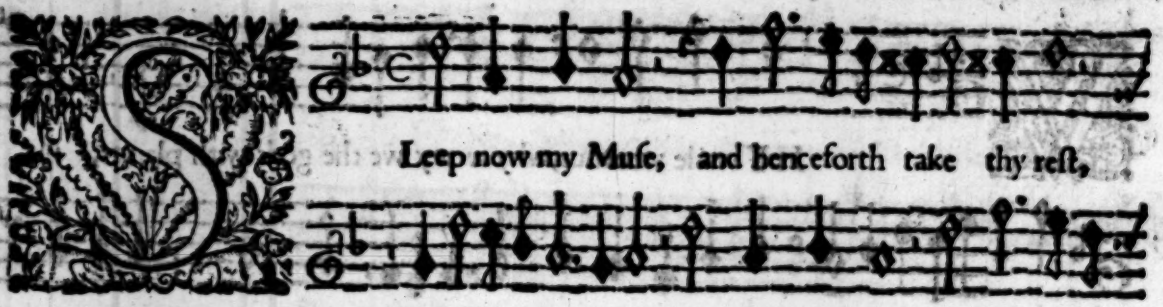
ſunne, whoſe beames mee nouriſh, whoſe beames mee nouriſh, A-las, who now com-

forteth, A-las, or doth mee cheriſh, pained with grief ſo cruell, Oh, if it ſo muſt

needs bee, oh if it ſo muſt needs be, my wicked fortune, how can ſhe further harme mee,

how can &c. Oh, if it ſo muſt needs bee, my wicked fortune, how

can ſhee further harme mee, how can &c. further harme mee.

Whether, Melpomene, the mournfullſt Muſe of nine,
ſuch cauſe of mourning, of mourning, :||:
neuer hadſt afore, Vp grieſly goſtes, & vp my ru- full rime, Matter of
mirth now ſhalt thou haue no more, :||: for dead ſhee is
that mirth thee made of yore, Dydo my deare, alas is dead, :||:
Dydo my deare, alas, alas is dead, :||:
Dead & lyeth wrapt in lead, :||: O heauy herſe, Let
ſtreaming tears be pou- red out in ſtore, let ſtreaming tears bee pou-
red out in ſtore, O carefull verſe, ô carefull verſe.

WHY waile we thus, why weary we the gods with plaints, :||:
why weary wee the gods with plaints, As if ſome
e-uell were to hir bee- tight, ſhee raignes a goddeſſe, now emong the ſaints,
that whilome was the ſaint of ſhepperds light, :||:
of ſhepperds light, and is enſtalled now in heauens light. :||:
I ſee thee bleſsed ſoule I ſee, walke in E- li- zi-an feilds
E-li-zi-an feilds ſo free, O happy hearſe, :||: might I once come
to thee, (ô that I might) ô that I might, O ioy- full verſe. O ioy-
full verſe. O ioy- full verſe.



Sleep now my Muſe, and henceforth take thy reſt,

:||: sleepe now my Muſe, & henceforth take thy reſt, which all to long, :||: thy ſelfe in vaine had waſted, had wa- ſted, Let it ſuffice, :||: Let it ſuffice, I ſtill muſt liue op- preſt, and of my paines, the fruit muſt nere bee ta- ſted, and of my paines, :||: the fruit muſt nere bee ta- ſted, :||: Then ſleepe my Muſe, Fate cannot bee withſtood, It's bet-ter ſleepe, then wake and doe no good. Then ſleepe my Muſe, Fate cannot bee withſtood, :||: it's better ſleep, :||: then wake & doe no good. & doe &c.

FINIS.

CANTVS. Secundᵖ.

The first set

OF ENGLISH

Madrigalls,

to 4. 5. & 6. voyces.

Made and newly published
by
George Kirbye.

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Este
dwelling in alderſgate
ſtreet.
1597.

To the vertuous, and very worthy Gentlewomen, Mistris Anne : and Mistris Frauncis Iermin, daughters to the right worshipfull, Syr Robert Iermin Knight, (his very good Maister) G.K. wisheth in this life, increase of all vertues, and in the life to come, the full fruition of all happinesse.

IT were a thing very vnnecessary (thrise worthy & vertuous gentlewomen) for mee (although I were able) to speake any thing in commendation & praise of Musicke, considering (besides that many learned men haue learnedly written in commendation thereof) the examples of times past, and our owne experience euery day, doth giue sufficient testimonie both of the pleasure and proffit that it bringeth to a distressed & melancholy mind. Also I think it conuenient not to answere (otherwise then with silence) to those (more senceless then brute beastes) that with open mouthes doe in-veigh, & speake all the euill they can against that excellent knowledge. But it standeth mee in hand, rather to craue pardon, for this my boldnes, in putting to the veiw of so many learned Musitions, (which this age & Realme affordeth) these first fruites of my poore knowledge in Musicke, yet I hope, that as they themselues had small entrances, beefore they came to their perfection, so they will fauourably, accept of these beginnings, looking for better hereafter: And in hope of their better likings, I haue made choise of you to patronise these my labours, as well for the Hæreditarie vertues of your godly parentes alreadie dwelling in you, as also for the delight, knowledge, and practise which you haue in Musicke, in the which few or none (that I know) can excell you. Vouchsafe therefore (worthy Mistrisses) to vndertake the tuition of that, which by right & equitie, you may challenge for your owne, being no straungers, but home bredd, & which for your delight & cõtentments were first by me compiled: & as you seemed to like them, being mine, so I doe not doubt but you will more fauour them, now beeing your owne. Then I (your deuoted ser, ant) shall think my paines heerein very well rewarded, & be better encouraged to employ my time hereafter in your further seruice.

Yours in all duetie,

George Kirbye.

THE TABLE

Songs to 4. voyces.

LOE heere my heart I leaue. I
Alas what hope of speeding. II
What can I doe my deareſt. III
Woe am I my hart dies. IIII
Farewell my loue. V
Sleep now my Muſe. VI

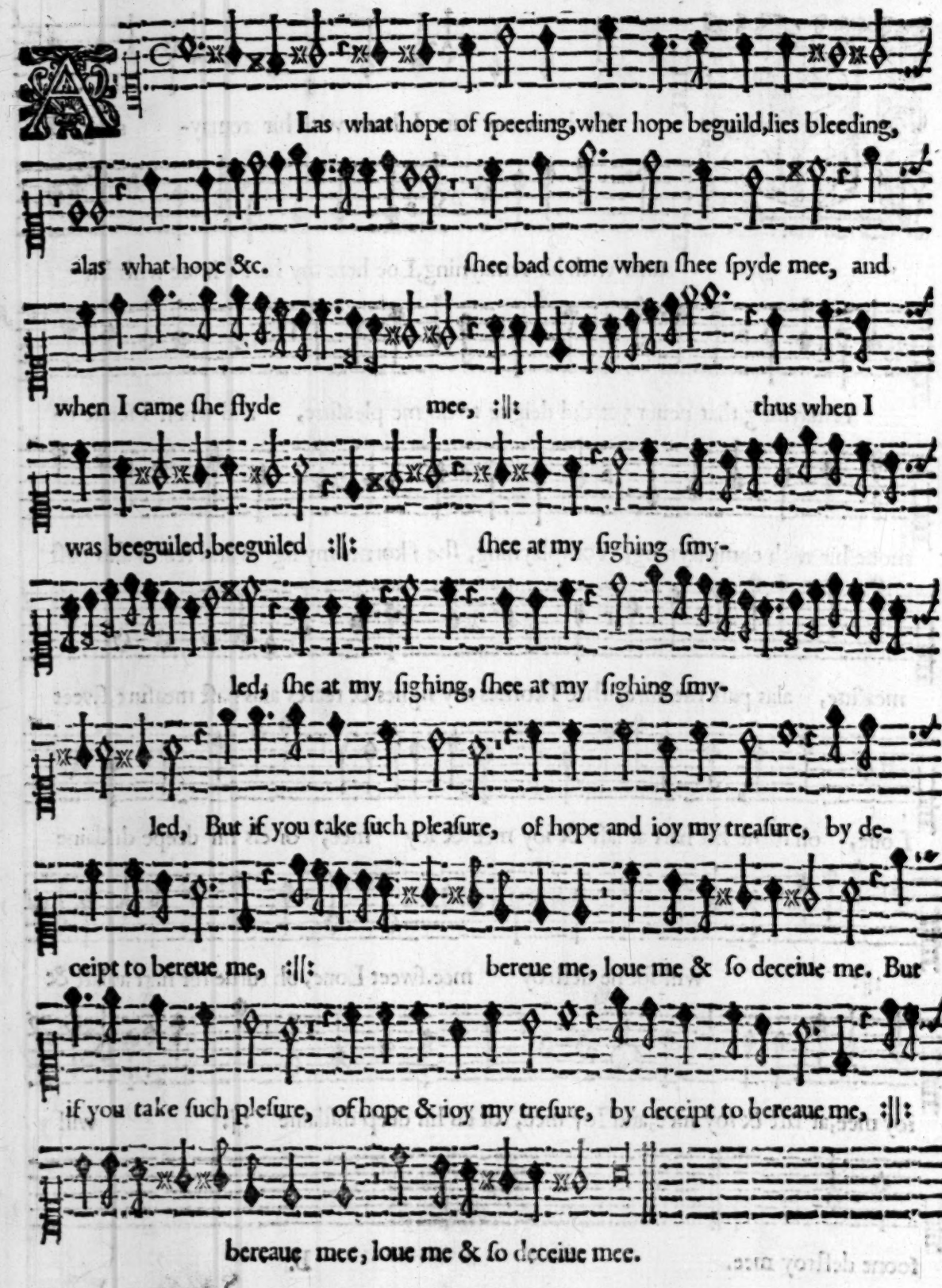
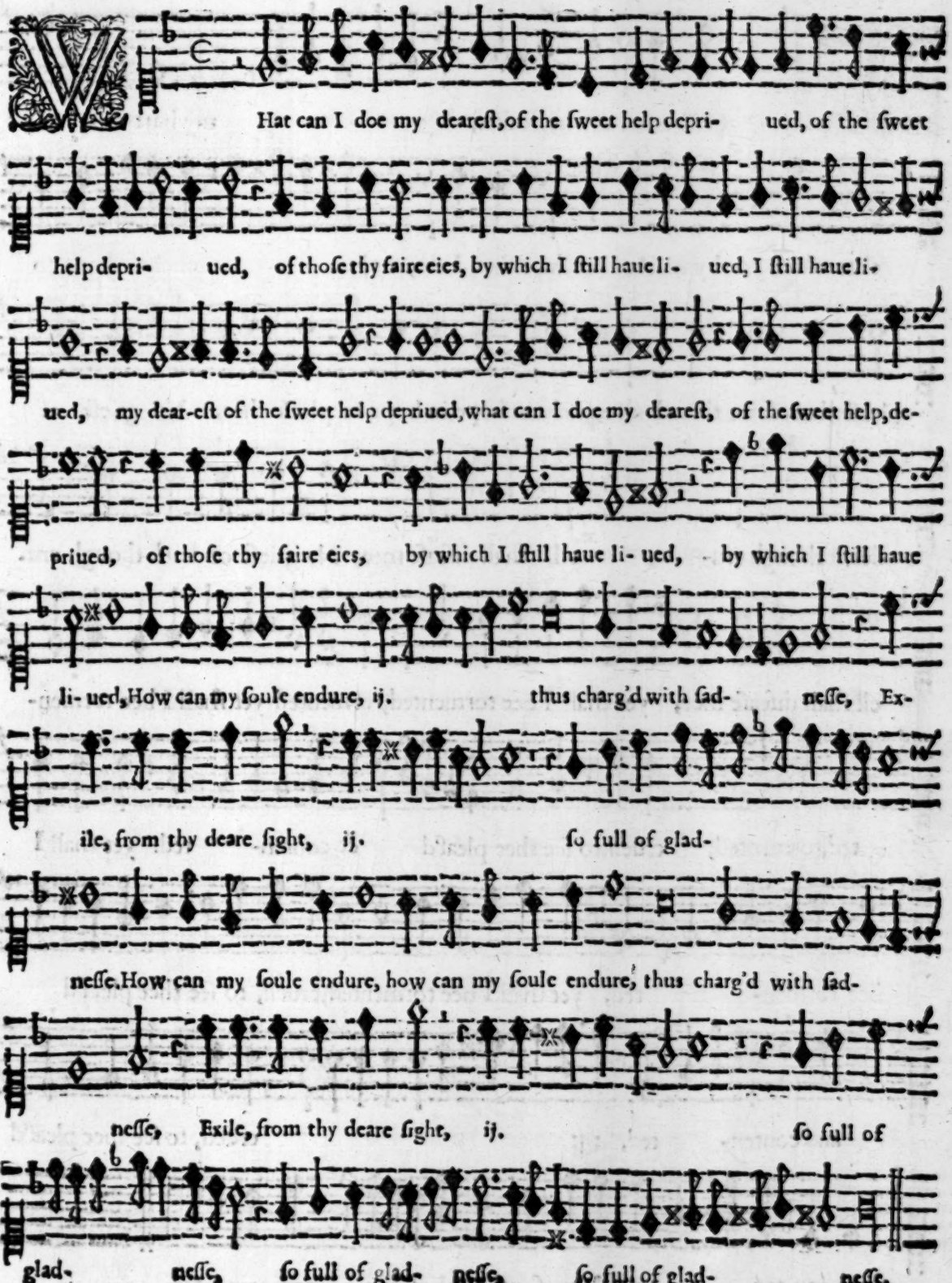
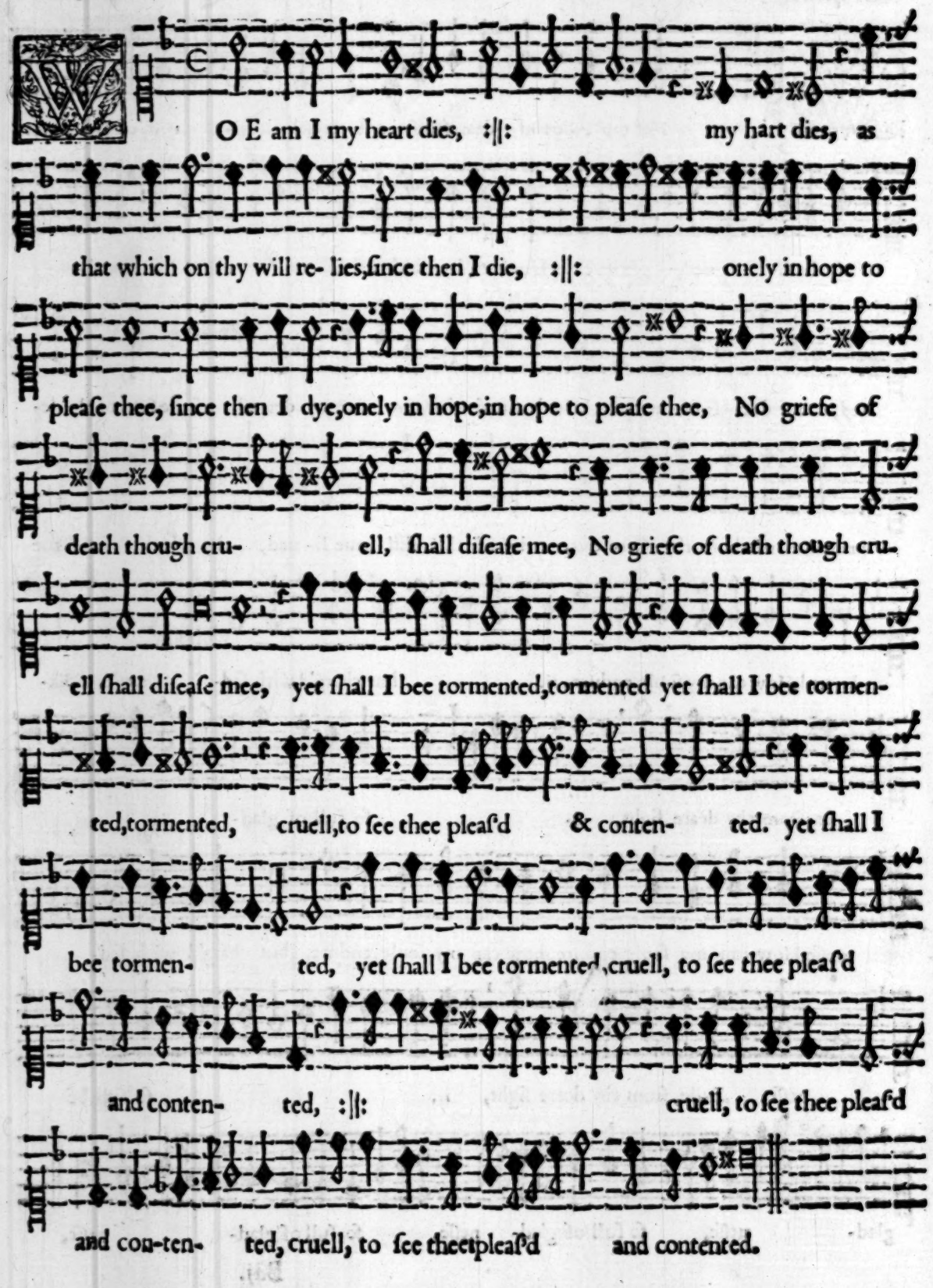
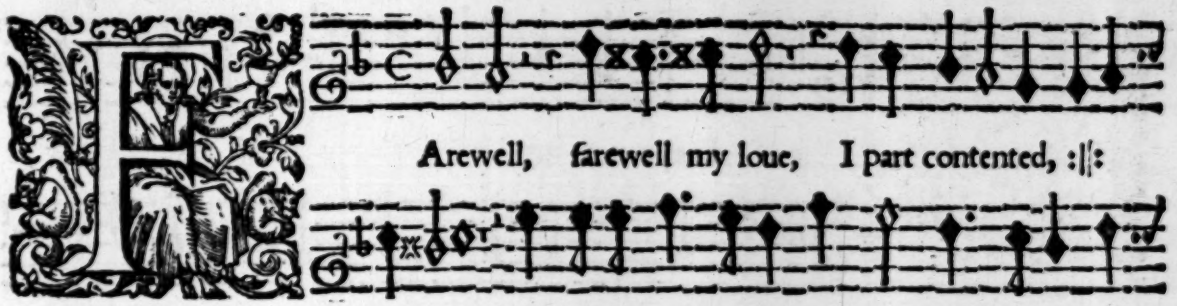
Songs to 5. voyces.

Ah ſweet alas when firſt I ſaw. VII
Mourne now my ſoule. VIII
Sound out my voyce. 1. part. IX
Shee that my plaints. 2. part. X
What ſhall I part thus vnrewarded. XI
Sorrow conſumes mee. 1. part. XII
Oh heauens. 2. part. XIII
Why ſhould I loue. XIIII
Sweet loue, ſweet loue. XV
That Muſe which ſoung, XVI
See what a maze of error. XVII
If pittie reigne with beautie. XVIII

Songs to 6. voyces.

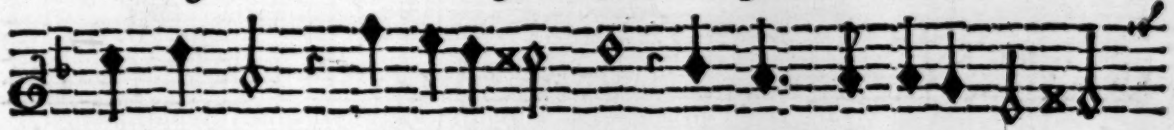
Ah cruell hatefull fortune. XIX
I loue alas, yet am I not beloued. XX
Muſt I part my ſweet iewell. XXI
Vp then, Melpomene. 1. part. XXII
Why waile wee thus. 2. part. XXIII
Sleep now my Muſe. XXIIII

FINIS.

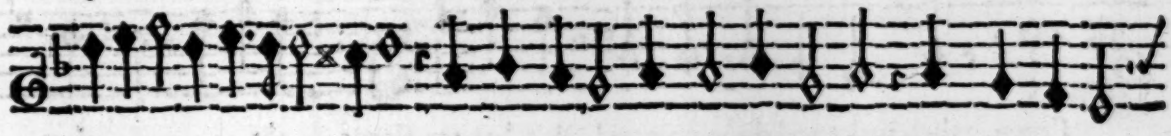
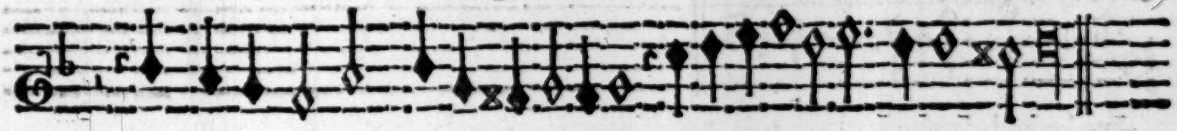
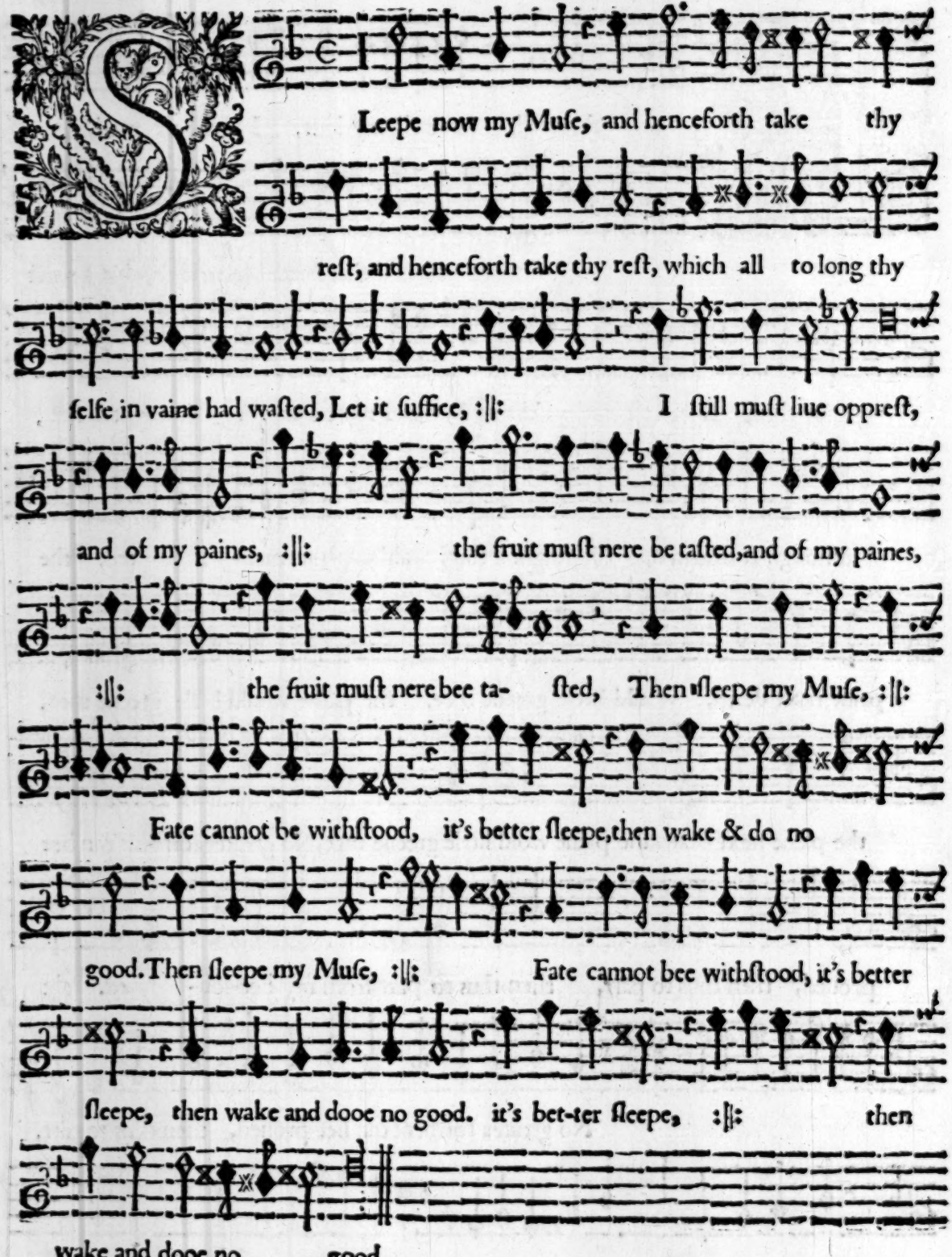
Oe heere my hart I leaue with hir remay- ning, I leaue with hir remayning, Loe here my hart I leaue with hir remayning, that neuer yet did deigne to do me pleaſure, and when I ſeeke to moue hir with complayning, complayning, ſhe ſkornes my ſighes and teares alas paſt measure, alas paſt measure, ſhee ſkornes my ſighes & teares alas paſt measure, ſweet Loue, oh turne hir hart at laſt & ioy mee & ioy mee, or els hir deepe diſdaine :||: will ſoone deſtroy mee. ſweet Loue, oh turne hir hart at laſt & ioy mee, at laſt & ioy mee, and Ioy mee, or els hir deep diſdaine :||: will ſoone deſtroy mee.

Las what hope of ſpeeding,wher hope beguild,lies bleeding,
alas what hope &c. ſhee bad come when ſhee ſpyde mee, and
when I came ſhe flyde mee, :||: thus when I
was beeguiled,beeguiled :||: ſhee at my ſighing ſmy-
led, ſhe at my ſighing, ſhee at my ſighing ſmy-
led, But if you take ſuch pleaſure, of hope and ioy my treaſure, by de-
ceipt to bereue me, :||: bereue me, loue me & ſo deceiue me. But
if you take ſuch pleſure, of hope & ioy my treſure, by deceipt to bereaue me, :||:
bereaue mee, loue me & ſo deceiue mee.

Hat can I doe my deareſt, of the ſweet help depri- ued, of the ſweet
help depri- ued, of thoſe thy faire eies, by which I ſtill haue li- ued, I ſtill haue li-
ued, my dear-eſt of the ſweet help depriued, what can I doe my deareſt, of the ſweet help, de-
priued, of thoſe thy faire eies, by which I ſtill haue li- ued, by which I ſtill haue
li- ued, How can my ſoule endure, ij. thus charg'd with ſad- neſſe, Ex-
ile, from thy deare ſight, ij. ſo full of glad-
neſſe. How can my ſoule endure, how can my ſoule endure, thus charg'd with ſad-
neſſe, Exile, from thy deare ſight, ij. ſo full of
glad- neſſe, ſo full of glad- neſſe, ſo full of glad- neſſe.

WOE am I my heart dies, :||: my hart dies, as
that which on thy will re- lies,ſince then I die, :||: onely in hope to
pleaſe thee, ſince then I dye,onely in hope,in hope to pleaſe thee, No griefe of
death though cru- ell, ſhall diſeaſe mee, No griefe of death though cru-
ell ſhall diſeaſe mee, yet ſhall I bee tormented,tormented yet ſhall I bee tormen-
ted,tormented, cruell,to ſee thee pleaſ'd & conten- ted. yet ſhall I
bee tormen- ted, yet ſhall I bee tormented,cruell, to ſee thee pleaſ'd
and conten- ted, :||: cruell, to ſee thee pleaſ'd
and con-ten- ted, cruell, to ſee theepleaſ'd and contented.

Farewell, farewell my loue, I part contented, :||:

since tis ordein'd that I muſt leaue thee, that I muſt

leaue thee, ſince tis ordeyn'd that I, that I muſt leaue thee, Oh might I ſtay,

although tormented, Oh might I ſtay, although tormen- ted, the

paine next death, would little greeue mee, the paine would little greeue mee,

the paine next death, the paine wold little greeue mee, No greater torment can bee

proued, then thus to part then thus to part from my bee-lou- ed. :||:

No greater torment can bee proued, then thus to part,

then thus to part from my beelou- ed. :||:

Leepe now my Muſe, and henceforth take thy
reſt, and henceforth take thy reſt, which all to long thy
ſelfe in vaine had waſted, Let it ſuffice, :||: I ſtill muſt liue oppreſt,
and of my paines, :||: the fruit muſt nere be taſted,and of my paines,
:||: the fruit muſt nere bee ta- ſted, Then ſleepe my Muſe, :||:
Fate cannot be withſtood, it's better ſleepe,then wake & do no
good.Then ſleepe my Muſe, :||: Fate cannot bee withſtood, it's better
ſleepe, then wake and dooe no good. it's bet-ter ſleepe, :||: then
wake and dooe no good.

Heere endeth the ſongs of foure parts.

H ſweet a- las when firſt I ſaw thoſe eyes, when

firſt I ſaw thoſe eies, thoſe eyes ſo rich with criſtall maie-

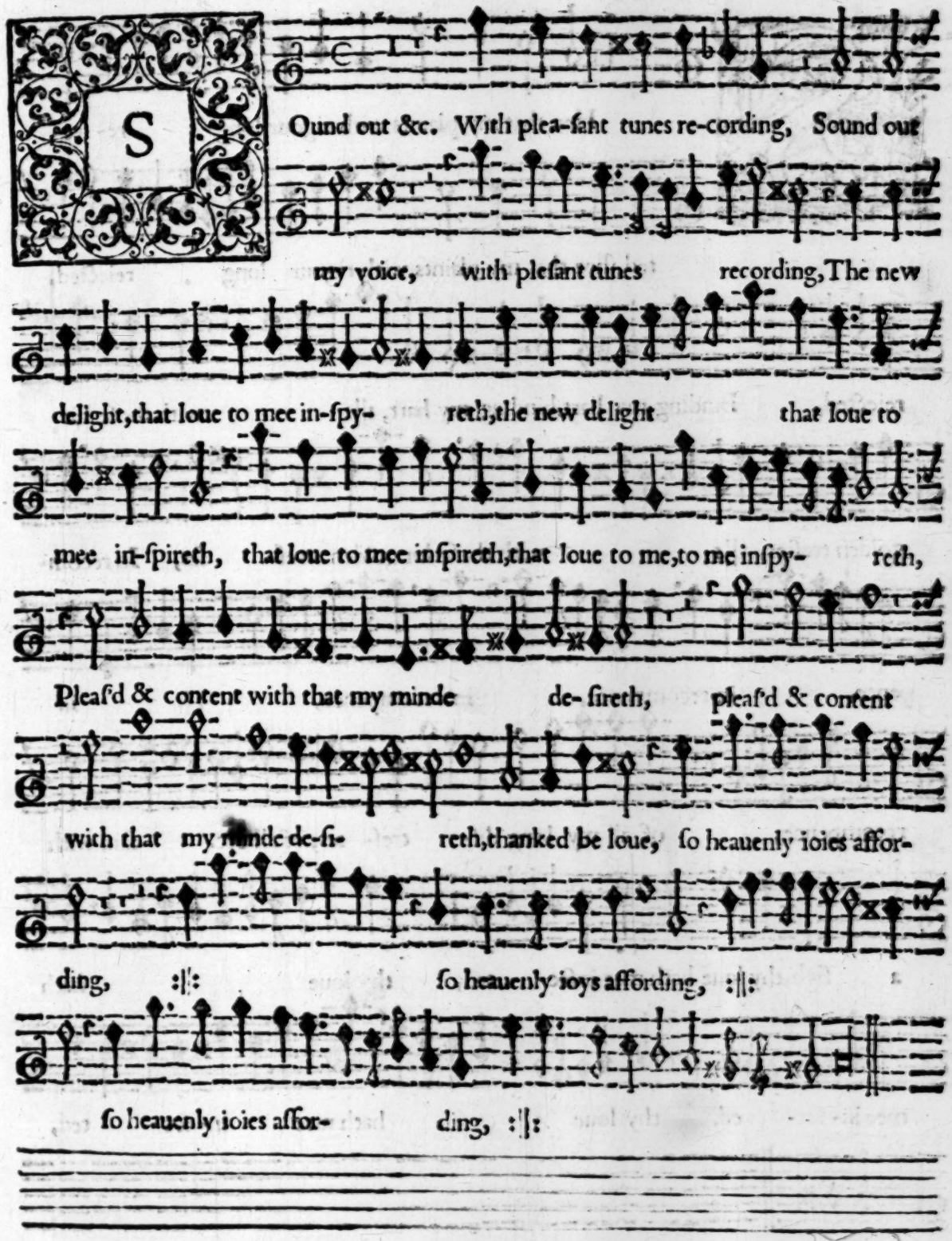
ſtie, :||: their wounding beawty, their wounding beau-

tie, gan to tyrannize, :||: & made mine eies bleed teares full piteouſly,

I felt the wound, yet feard I not the deed, :|: Till ah, I

found my teares did inward bleed, my teares did inward bleed. :||: Till

ah, I found my teares did in- ward bleed, my teares did inward bleed.

Ourne now my ſoule with anguiſh of my paine, with anguiſh of my paine, croſt are my ioies :||: which hope did e- uer giue, croſt are my ioies my ioyes which hope did e- uer giue, Dry are mine eyes, :||: with ſhedding teares in vaine, with ſhedding teares with ſhedding teares in vaine, Dead is my hart, which neuer more can liue, :||: hard are my torments :||: hard are my torments, liueing thus in griefe, Harder yet hir hart, that yeeldeth no reliefe. harder yet hir hart, that yeeldeth no reliefe.

Ound out &c. With plea-ſant tunes re-cording, Sound out
my voice, with pleſant tunes recording, The new
delight, that loue to mee in-ſpy- reth, the new delight that loue to
mee in-ſpireth, that loue to mee inſpireth, that loue to me, to me inſpy- reth,
Pleaſ'd & content with that my minde de- ſireth, pleaſ'd & content
with that my minde de-ſi- reth, thanked be loue, ſo heauenly ioies affor-
ding, :||: ſo heauenly ioys affording, :||:
ſo heauenly ioies affor- ding, :||:

Hee that my plaints with rigour long re- iec-

ted, ſhee that my plaints, with rigour long reiected,

reiected, Binding my hart, binding my hart, :||: with thoſe hir

golden treſſes, :||: with thoſe hir golden treſ- ſes, In recom-

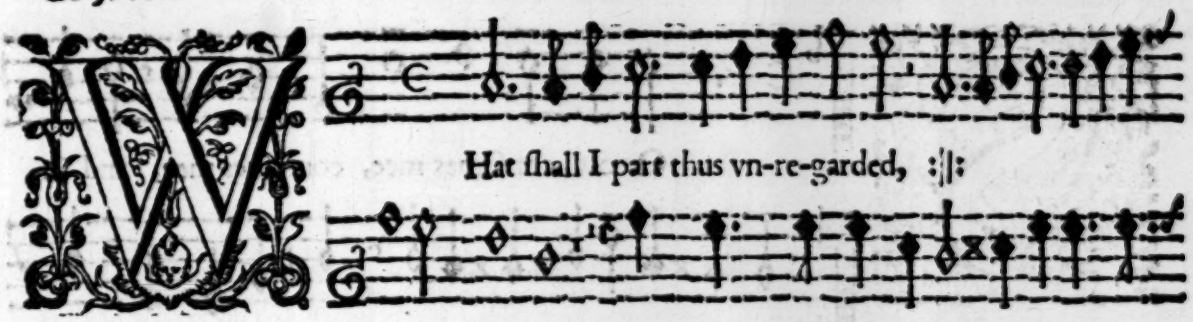
pence, in recompence, in recompence, :||: in

recompence, of all my long diſ- treſ- ses, of all &c. ſaid with

a ſigh, thy loue hath mee infec- ted, thy loue hath

mee in- fec- ed, thy loue hath mee in- fec- ted,

infected.

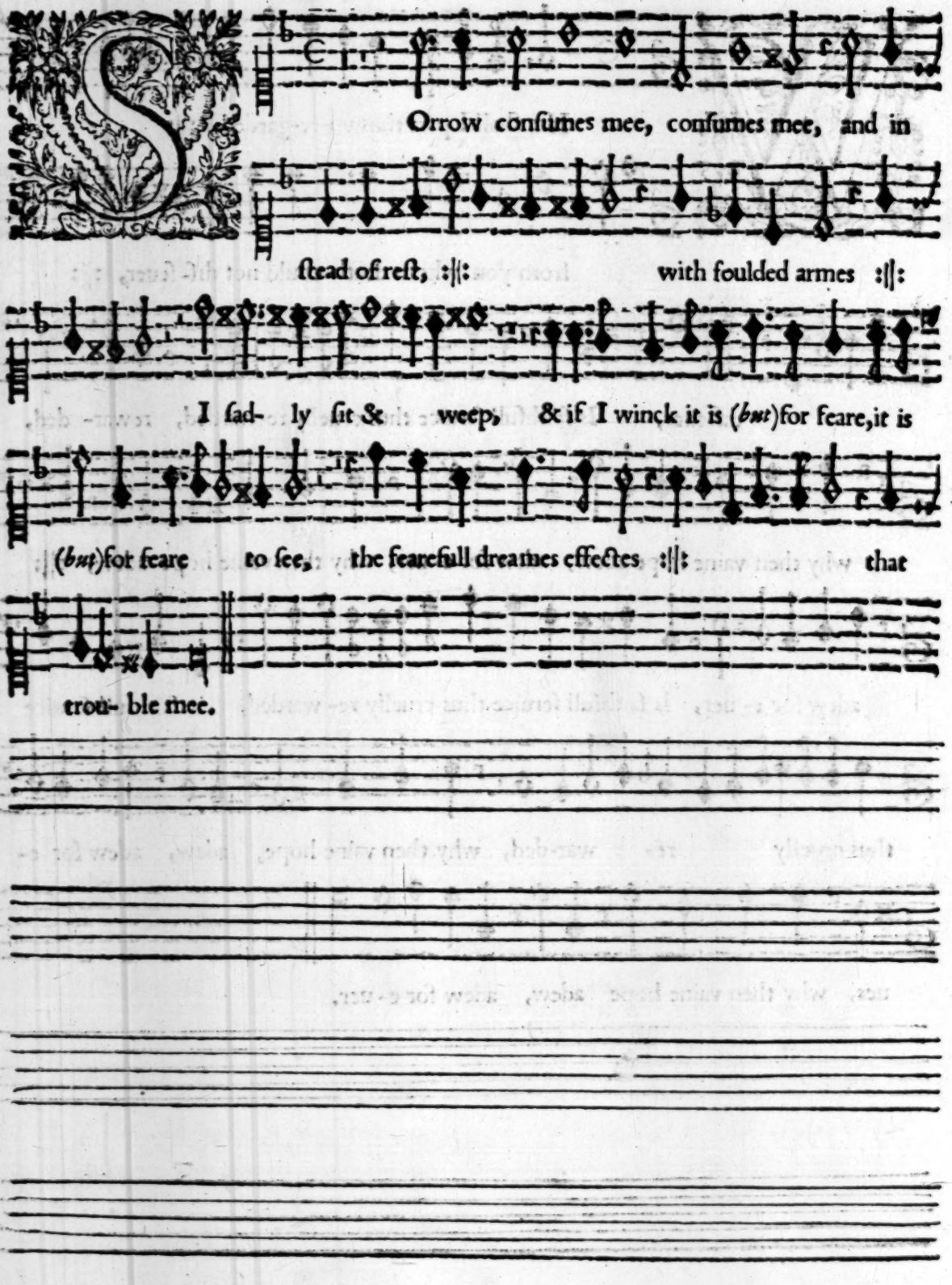


diſſeuer, Is faithfull ſeruice thus cruelly re-warded, rewar-ded,

why then vaine hope adew, adew for e-uer, why then vaine hope adew, :||:

adew for e-uer, Is faithfull ſeruice thus cruelly re-warded, is faithfull ſeruice

thus cruelly re- war-ded, why then vaine hope, adew, adew for e-

uer, why then vaine hope adew, adew for e-uer.

Orrow conſumes mee, conſumes mee, and in
ſtead of reſt, :||: with foulded armes :||:
I ſad- ly ſit & weep, & if I winck it is (but)for feare,it is
(but)for feare to ſee, the fearefull dreames effectes :||: that
trou- ble mee.

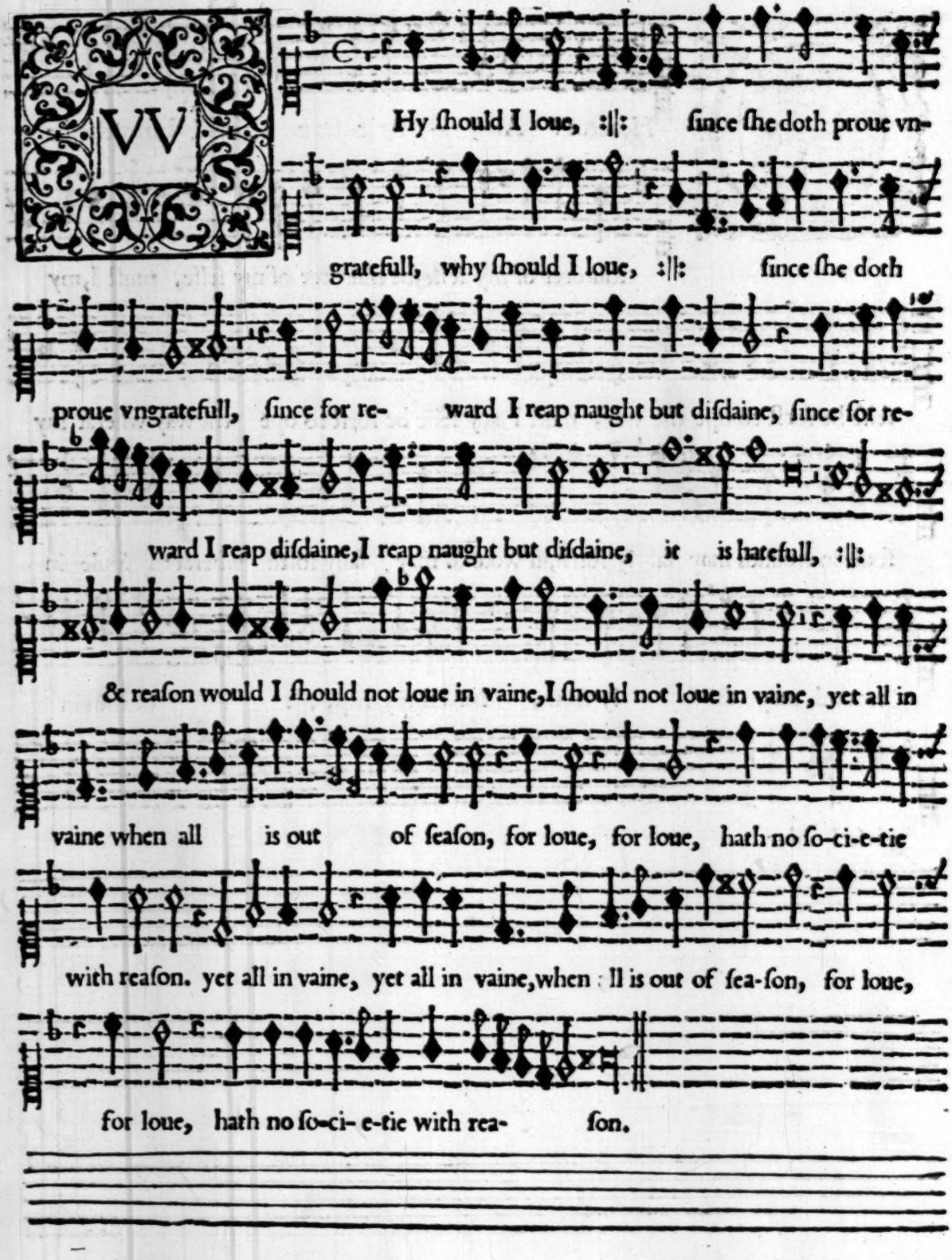
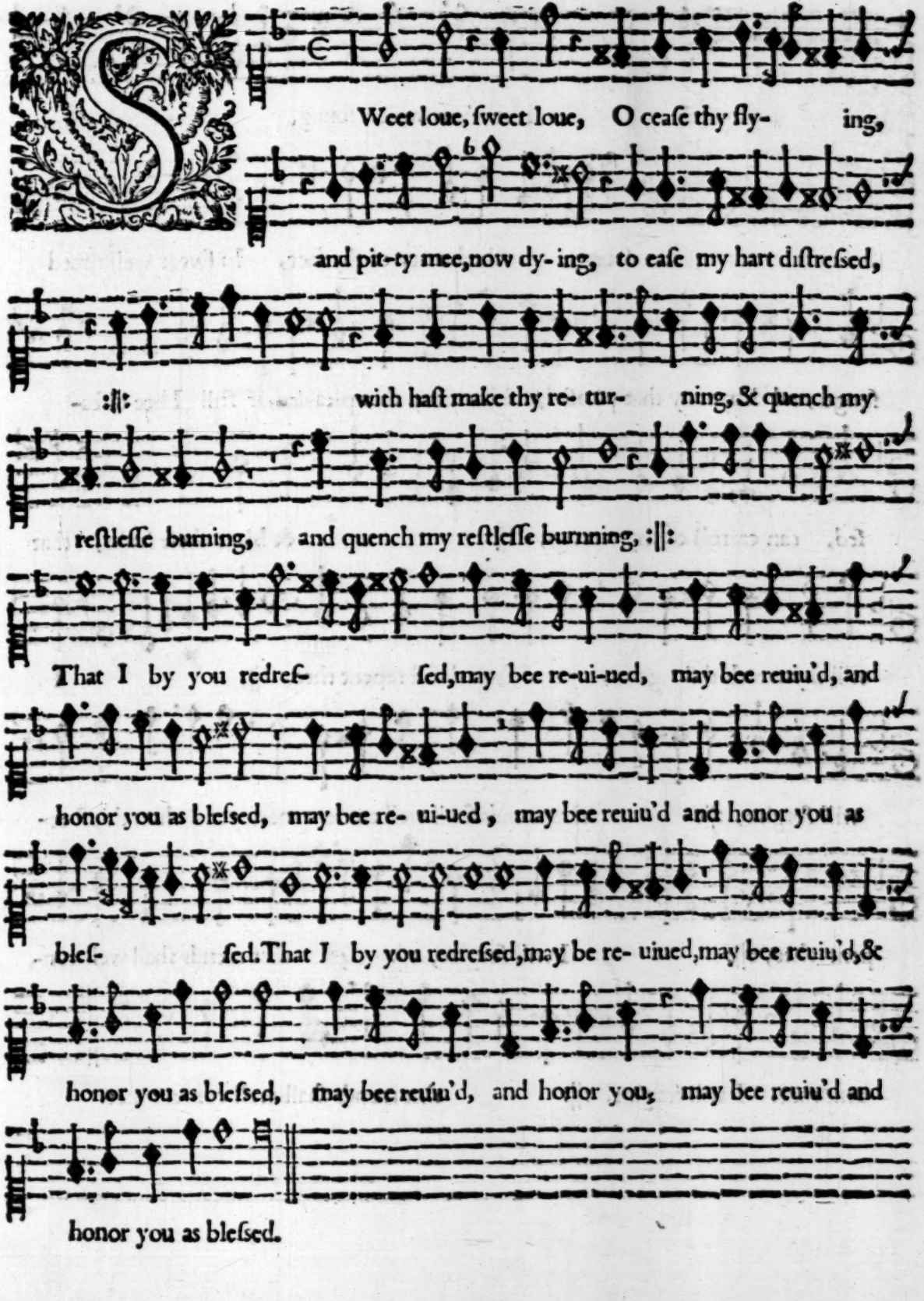
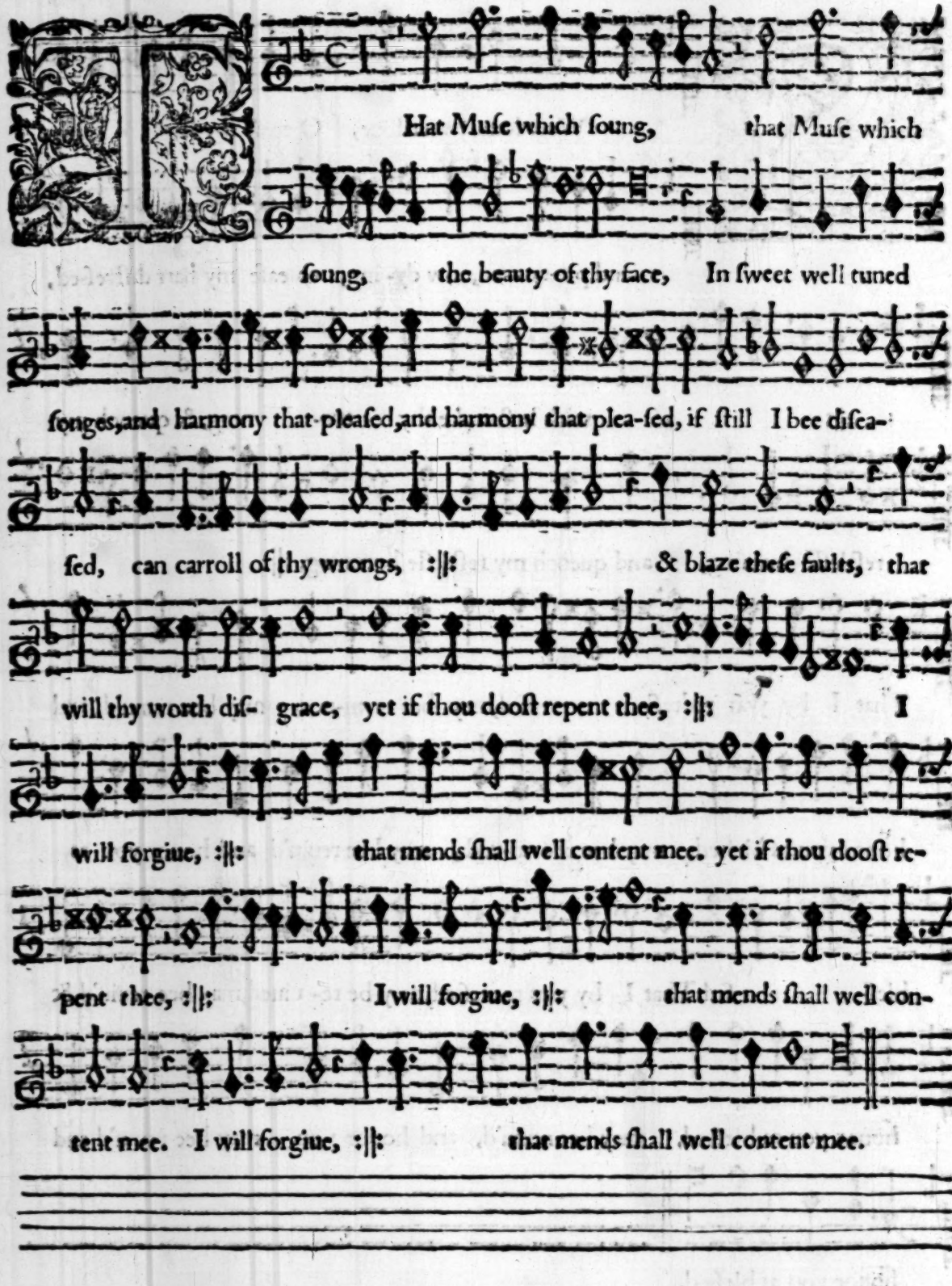
Heauens? Alas, a- las a- las muſt I, muſt I my ſelfe be

murdrer of my ſelfe, be murdrer of my ſelfe, muſt I, my

ſelfe be forſt to ope the way, muſt I my ſelfe be forſt to ope the way wherat my

ſoule in wounds may fal ly forth, in wounds may ſally forth wherat my ſoule in

wounds may fal- ly forth, hard is my hap, :||: & thus in

griefe I dye.

VV Hy ſhould I loue, :||: ſince ſhe doth proue vn-
gratefull, why ſhould I loue, :||: ſince ſhe doth
proue vngratefull, ſince for re- ward I reap naught but diſdaine, ſince for re-
ward I reap diſdaine, I reap naught but diſdaine, it is hatefull, :||:
& reaſon would I ſhould not loue in vaine, I ſhould not loue in vaine, yet all in
vaine when all is out of ſeaſon, for loue, for loue, hath no ſo-ci-e-tie
with reaſon. yet all in vaine, yet all in vaine, when Ill is out of ſea-ſon, for loue,
for loue, hath no ſo-ci- e-tie with rea- ſon.

Weet loue, ſweet loue, O ceaſe thy fly- ing,
and pit-ty mee, now dy- ing, to eaſe my hart diſtreſsed,
with haſt make thy re- tur- ning, & quench my
reſtleſſe burning, and quench my reſtleſſe burnning,
That I by you redreſ- ſed, may bee re-ui-ued, may bee reuiu'd, and
honor you as bleſsed, may bee re- ui-ued, may bee reuiu'd and honor you as
bleſ- ſed. That I by you redreſsed, may be re- uiued, may bee reuiu'd, &
honor you as bleſsed, may bee reuiu'd, and honor you, may bee reuiu'd and
honor you as bleſsed.

That Muſe which ſoung, that Muſe which
ſoung, the beauty of thy face, In ſweet well tuned
ſonges, and harmony that pleaſed, and harmony that plea-ſed, if ſtill I bee diſea-
ſed, can carroll of thy wrongs, :||: & blaze theſe faults, that
will thy worth diſ- grace, yet if thou dooſt repent thee, :||: I
will forgiue, :||: that mends ſhall well content mee. yet if thou dooſt re-
pent thee, :||: I will forgiue, :||: that mends ſhall well con-
tent mee. I will forgiue, :||: that mends ſhall well content mee.

Ee what a maze of error :||: and

laborinth of ter- ror, :||: my loue hath

tra- ced, my loue hath tra- ced, wretched

I, :||: whom loue paineth, :||: and true faith onely gaineth,

hope vt- terly diſgraced, and true faith onely gaineth, hope vtterly diſgra-

ced, hope vtterly diſgraced, & by diſdaine, & by diſdaine defaced.

& by diſdaine, defa- ced & by diſdaine, & by diſdaine de- faced, & by diſ-

daine defaced.

F pittie raigne with beautie, :||:

then may I be aſſured, that what my harme procured,

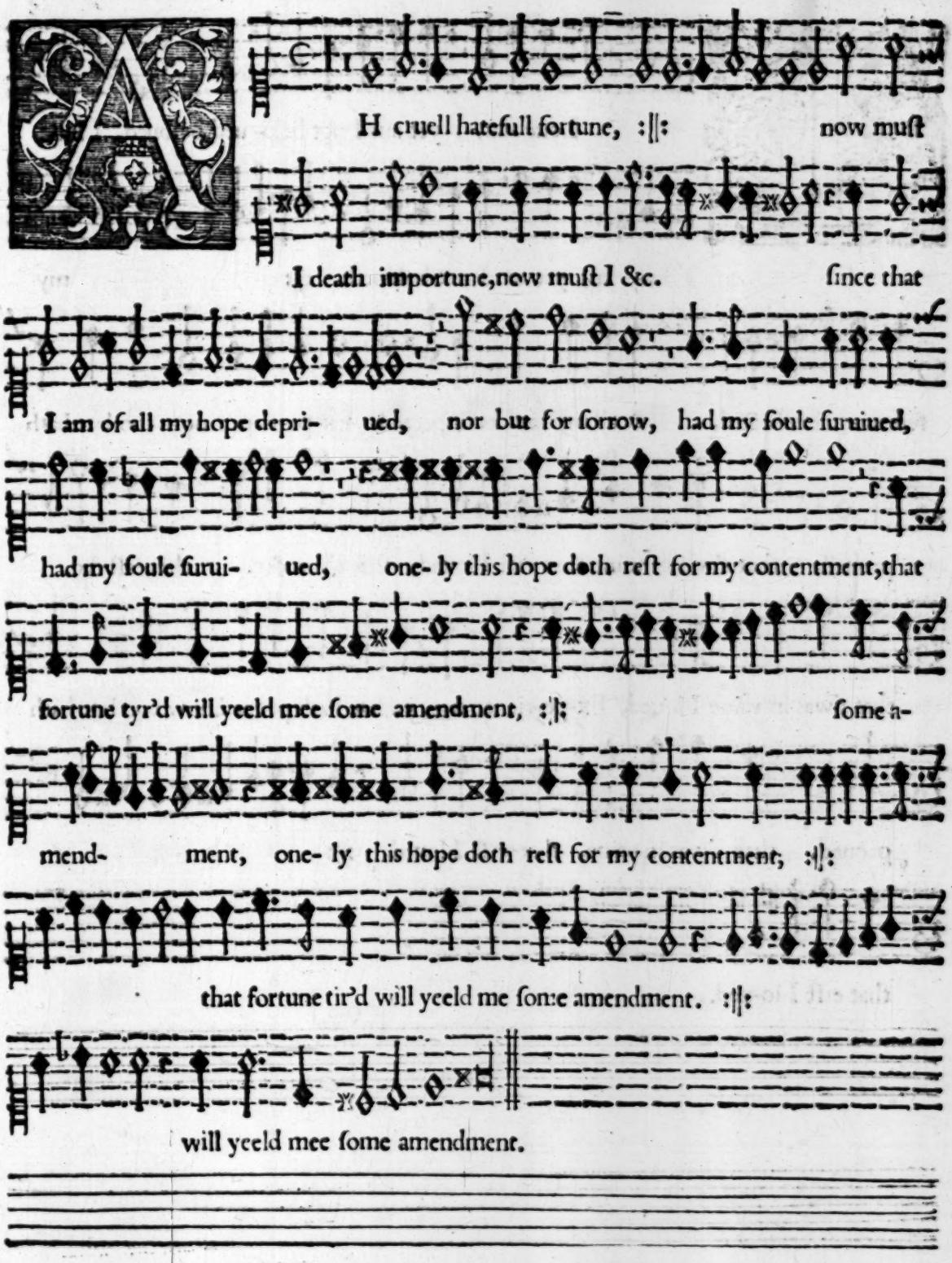
:||: will yeeld mee help of duety, If pittie reigne with beautie,

then may I be aſſured, :||: that what my harme procured, :||:

will yeeld mee help, of duety, of due- ty, For wrongfull

ſhe was neuer, :||: then why ſhould I ſtill in diſpaire perſe-uer, for

wrongfull ſhee was neuer, then why ſhould I, ſti" in diſpaire perſeuer.

Heere endeth the ſongs of fiue parts.

AH cruell hatefull fortune, :||: now muſt
I death importune, now muſt I &c. ſince that
I am of all my hope depri- ued, nor but for ſorrow, had my ſoule ſuruiued,
had my ſoule ſurui- ued, one- ly this hope doth reſt for my contentment, that
fortune tyr'd will yeeld mee ſome amendment, :||: ſome a-
mend- ment, one- ly this hope doth reſt for my contentment, :||:
that fortune tir'd will yeeld me ſome amendment. :||:
will yeeld mee ſome amendment.

Loue alas, yet am I not belo- ued, beloued, I loue

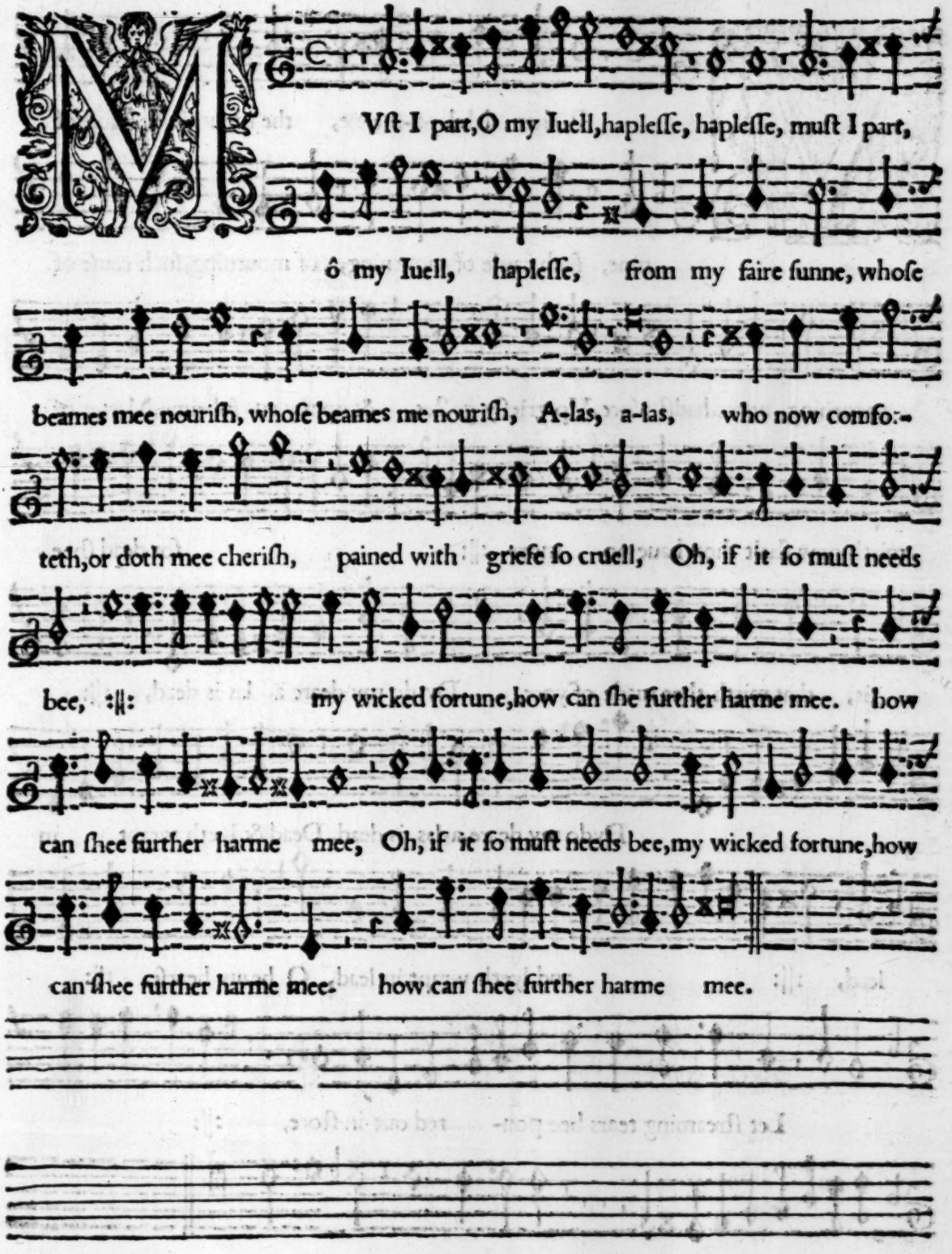
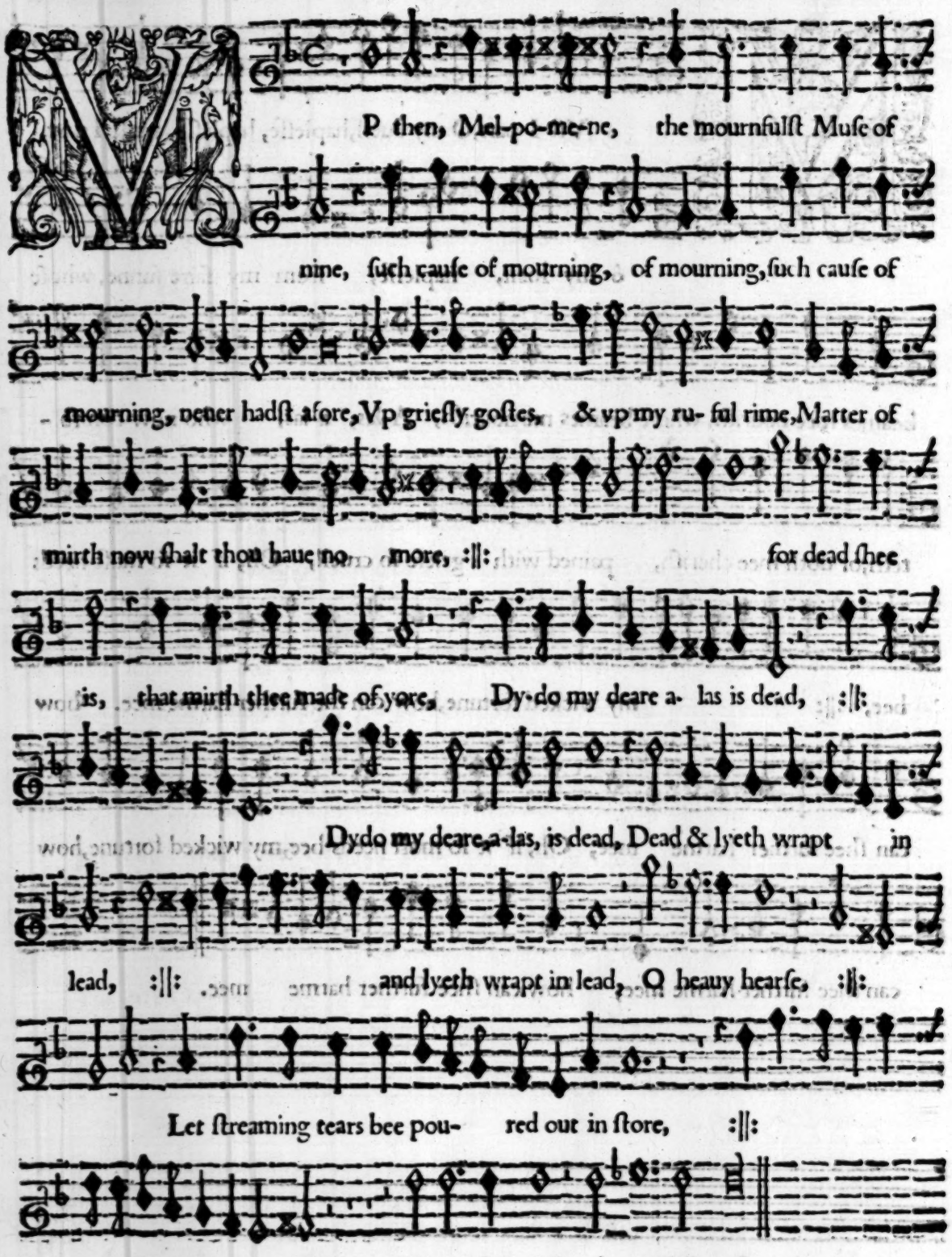
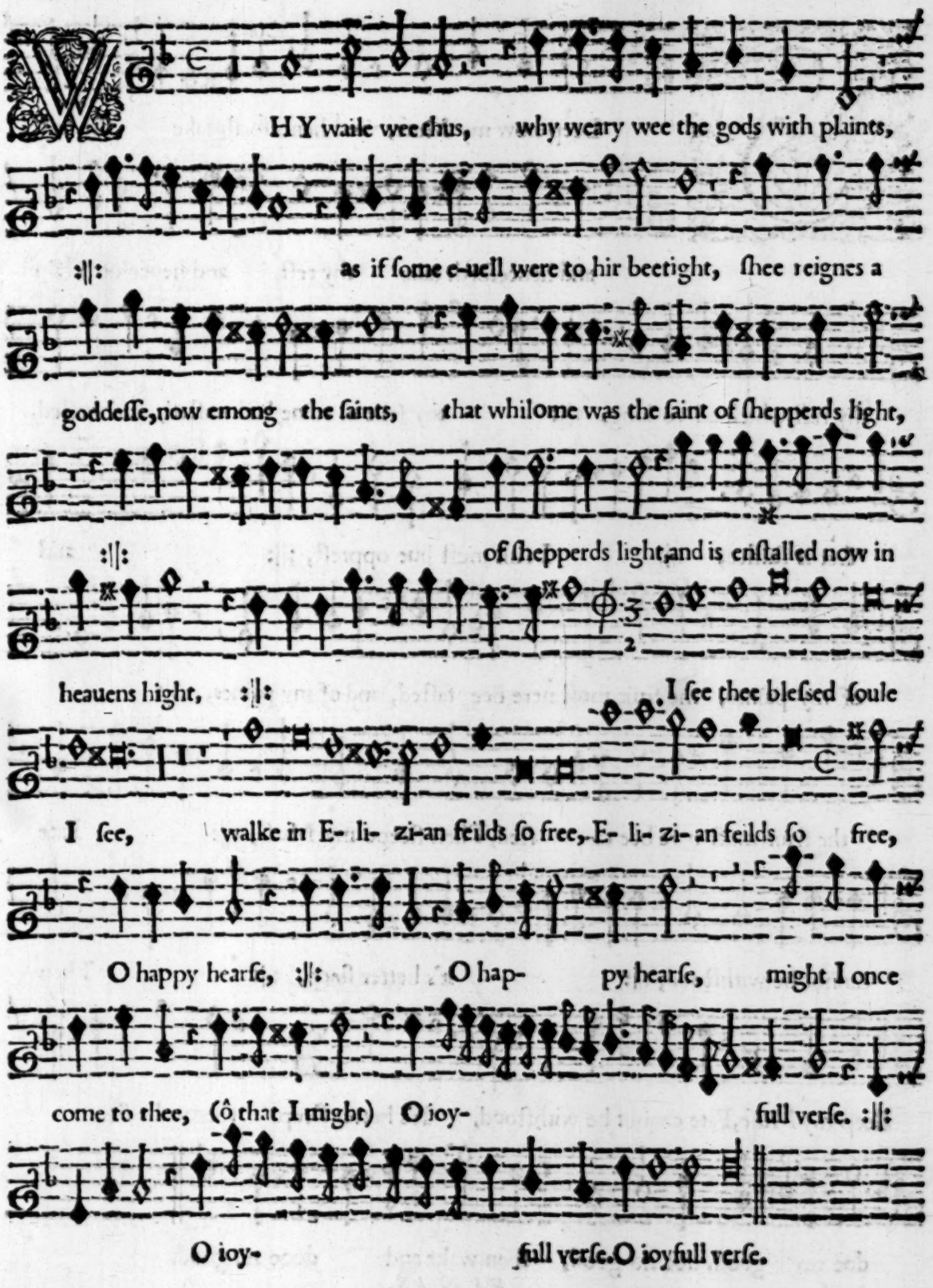
a- las, yet am I not beloued, :||: my

ſutes are all re-iected, & all my lookes ſuſpected, Ex-pe-rience now too late hath

proued, that t'was in vaine that erſt I loued, that t'was &c. that erſt &c.

that t'was in vaine I loued, Ex-pe-rience now to late hath proued, now too late hath

proued, that t'was in vaine, that erſt I loued, :||:

that erſt I lo-ued.

Vſt I part, O my Iuell, hapleſſe, hapleſſe, muſt I part,
ô my Iuell, hapleſſe, from my faire ſunne, whoſe
beames mee nouriſh, whoſe beames me nouriſh, A-las, a-las, who now comfor-
teth, or doth mee cheriſh, pained with griefe ſo cruell, Oh, if it ſo muſt needs
bee, :||: my wicked fortune, how can ſhe further harme mee. how
can ſhee further harme mee, Oh, if it ſo muſt needs bee, my wicked fortune, how
can ſhee further harme mee. how can ſhee further harme mee.

VP then, Mel-po-me-ne, the mournfulſt Muſe of
nine, ſuch cauſe of mourning, of mourning, ſuch cauſe of
mourning, neuer hadſt afore, Vp grieſly goſtes, & vp my ru- ful rime, Matter of
mirth now ſhalt thou haue no more, :||: for dead ſhee
is, that mirth thee made of yore, Dy-do my deare a- las is dead, :||:
Dydo my deare, a-las, is dead, Dead & lyeth wrapt in
lead, :||: and lyeth wrapt in lead, O heauy hearſe, :||:
Let ſtreaming tears bee pou- red out in ſtore, :||:
O carefull verſe, ô carefull verſe.

WHY waile wee thus, why weary wee the gods with plaints,
as if ſome e-uell were to hir beetight, ſhee reignes a
goddeſſe, now emong the ſaints, that whilome was the ſaint of ſhepperds light,
of ſhepperds light, and is enſtalled now in
heauens hight, I ſee thee bleſsed ſoule
I ſee, walke in E- li- zi-an feilds ſo free, E- li- zi- an feilds ſo free,
O happy hearſe, O hap- py hearſe, might I once
come to thee, (ô that I might) O ioy- full verſe.
O ioy- full verſe. O ioyfull verſe.

Leep now my Muſe, and henceforth take thy reſt,

and henceforth take thy reſt, and henceforth take

thy reſt, which all to long, :||: thy ſelfe in vaine had waſted, had waſted,

Let it ſuffice, :||: I ſtill muſt liue oppreſt, :||: and

of my paines, the fruit muſt nere bee taſted, and of my paines, :||:

the fruit muſt nere bee ta- ſted, Then ſleepe my Muſe, :||: Fate

cannot be withſtood, :||: it's better ſleep, :||: Then

ſleep my Muſe, Fate cannot be withſtood, It's better ſleep, then wake &

doe no good. doe no good, then wake and dooe no good.

FINIS.

TENOR.

The first set

OF ENGLISH

Madrigalls,

to 4. 5. & 6. voyces.

Made and newly published
by
George Kirbye.

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Este
dwelling in alderſgate
ſtreet.
1597.

To the vertuous, and very worthy Gentlewomen, Mistris Anne: and Mistris Frauncis Iermin, daughters to the right worshipfull, Syr Robert Iermin Knight, (his very good Maister) G.K. wisheth in this life, increase of all vertues, and in the life to come, the full fruition of all happinesse.

IT were a thing very vnnecessary (thrise worthy & vertuous gentlewomen) for mee (although I were able) to speake any thing in commendation & praise of Musicke, considering (besides that many learned men haue learnedly written in commendation thereof) the examples of times past, and our owne experience euery day, doth giue sufficient testimonie both of the pleasure and proffit that it bringeth to a distressed & melancholy mind. Also I think it conuenient not to answere (otherwise then with silence) to those (more senceless then brute beastes) that with open mouthes doe in-veigh, & speake all the euill they can against that excellent knowledge. But it standeth mee in hand, rather to craue pardon, for this my boldnes, in putting to the veiw of so many learned Musitions, (which this age & Realme affordeth) these first fruites of my poore knowledge in Musicke, yet I hope, that as they themselues had small entrances, beefore they came to their perfection, so they will fauourably, accept of these beginnings, looking for better hereafter: And in hope of their better likings, I haue made choise of you to patronise these my labours, as well for the Hereditarie vertues of your godly parentes alreadie dwelling in you, as also for the delight, knowledge, and practise which you haue in Musicke, in the which few or none (that I know) can excell you. Vouchsafe therefore (worthy Mistrisses) to vndertake the tuition of that, which by right & equitie, you may challenge for your owne, being no straungers, but home bredd, & which for your delight & cõtentments were first by me compiled: & as you seemed to like them, being mine, so I doe not doubt but you will more fauour them, now beeing your owne. Then I (your deuoted seruant) shall think my paines heerein very well rewarded, & be better encouraged to employ my time hereafter in your further seruice.

Yours in all duetie,

George Kirbye.

THE TABLE

Songs to 4. voyces.

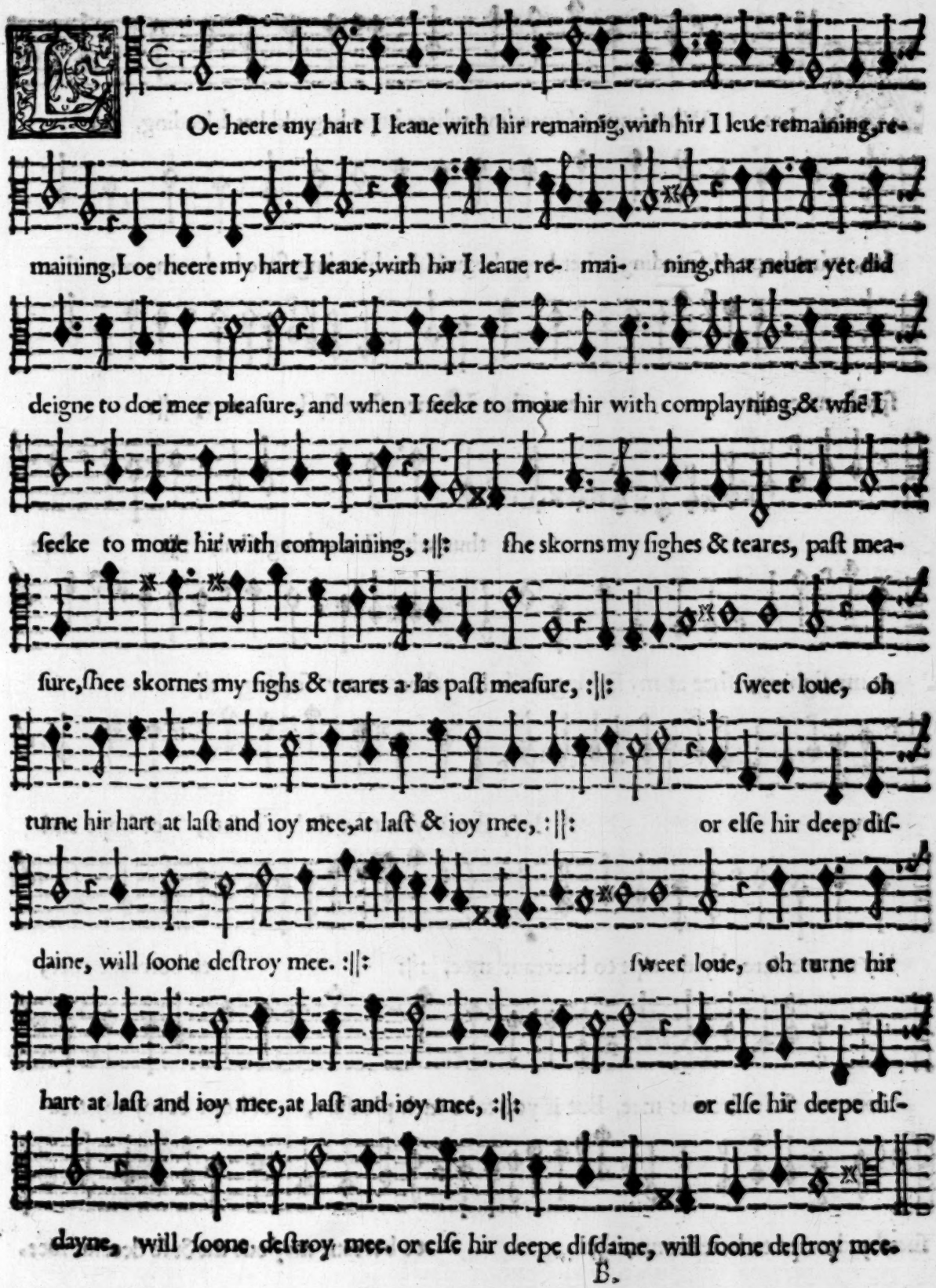
LOE heere my heart I leaue. I
Alas what hope of ſpeeding. II
What can I doe my deareſt. III
Woe am I my hart dies. IIII
Farewell my loue. V
Sleep now my Muſe. VI

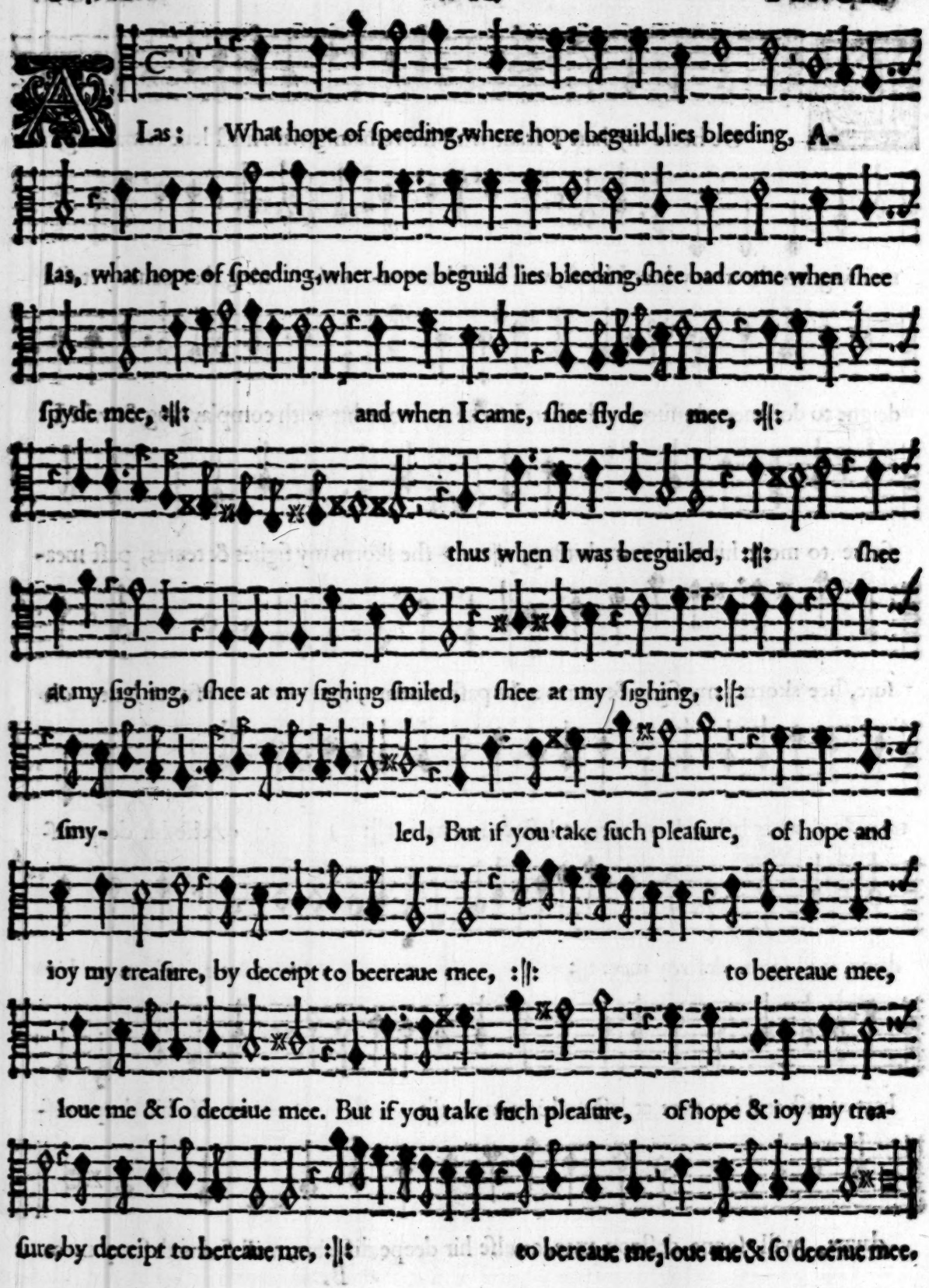
Songs to 5. voyces.

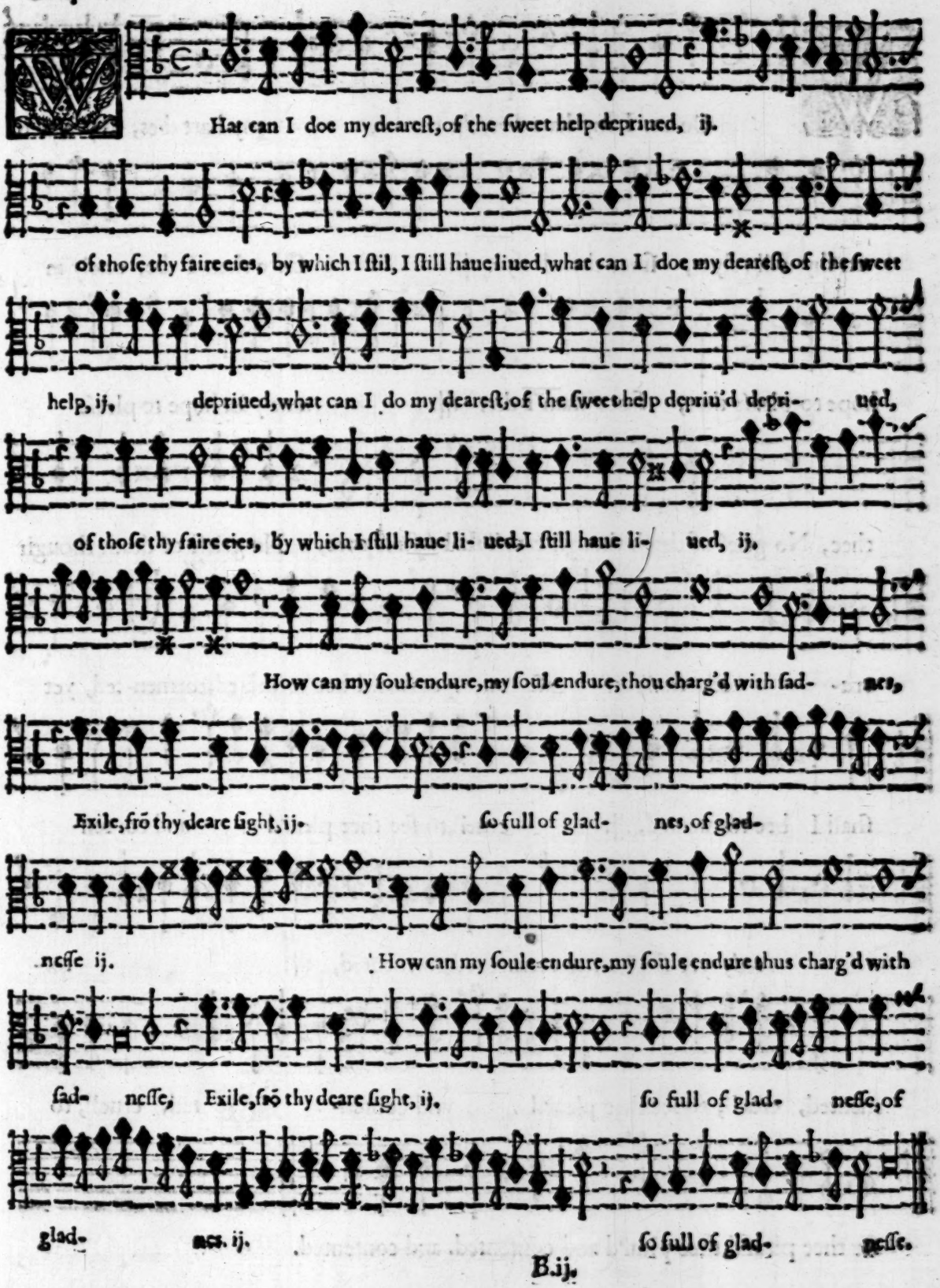
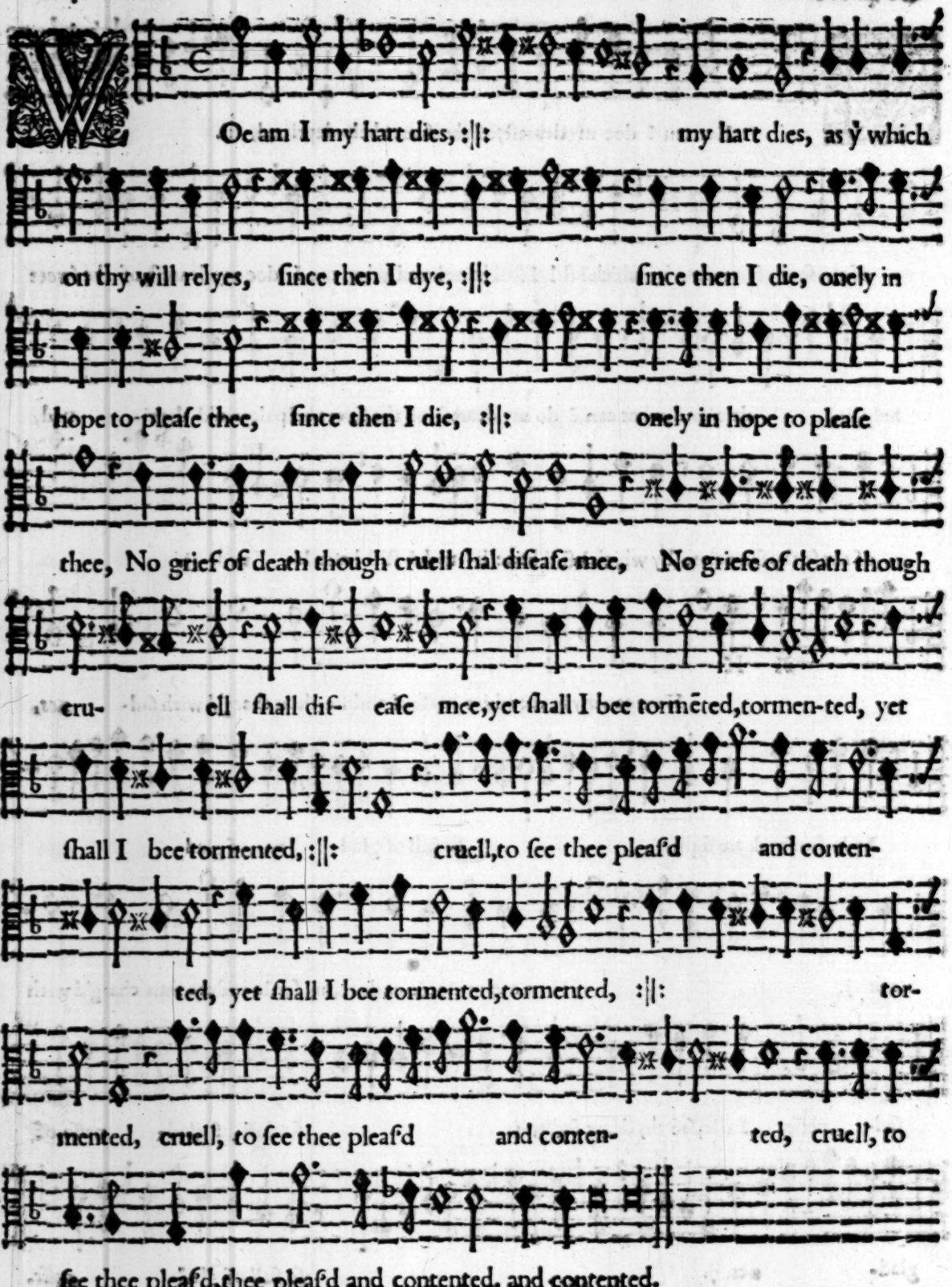
Ah ſweet alas when firſt I ſaw. VII
Mourne now my ſoule. VIII
Sound out my voyce. 1. part. IX
Shee that my plaints. 2. part. X
What ſhall I part thus vnrewarded. XI
Sorrow conſumes mee. 1. part. XII
Oh heauens. 2. part. XIII
Why ſhould I loue. XIIII
Sweet loue, ſweet loue. XV
That Muſe which ſoung, XVI
See what a maze of error. XVII
If pittie reigne with beautie. XVIII

Songs to 6. voyces.

Ah cruell hatefull fortune. XIX
I loue alas, yet am I not beloued. XX
Muſt I part my ſweet iewell. XXI
Vp then, Melpomene. 1. part. XXII
Why waile wee thus. 2. part. XXIII
Sleep now my Muſe. XXIIII

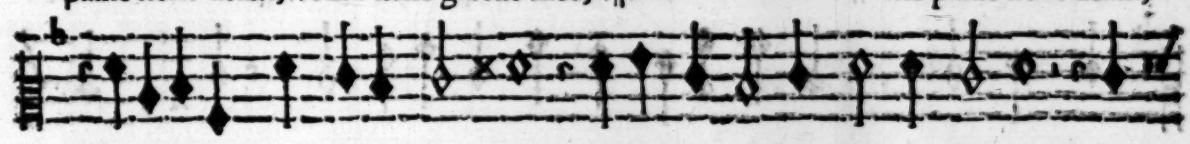
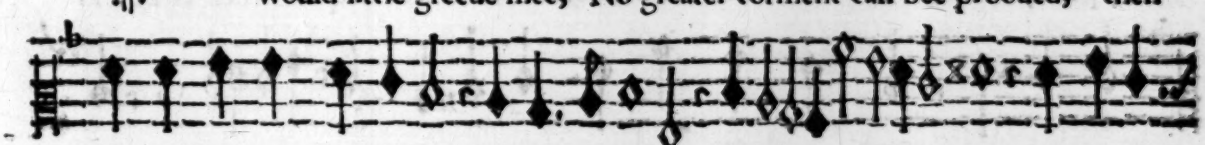
FINIS.

Loe heere my hart I leaue with hir remaining, with hir I leue remaining, re-
maining, Loe heere my hart I leaue, with hir I leaue re- mai- ning, that neuer yet did
deigne to doe mee pleasure, and when I seeke to moue hir with complayning, & whe I
seeke to moue hir with complaining, :||: she skorns my sighes & teares, past mea-
sure, shee skornes my sighs & teares a-las past measure, :||: sweet loue, oh
turne hir hart at last and ioy mee, at last & ioy mee, :||: or else hir deep dis-
daine, will soone destroy mee. :||: sweet loue, oh turne hir
hart at last and ioy mee, at last and ioy mee, :||: or else hir deepe dis-
dayne, will soone destroy mee. or else hir deepe disdaine, will soone destroy mee.


Las: What hope of ſpeeding, where hope beguild, lies bleeding, A-
las, what hope of ſpeeding, wher hope beguild lies bleeding, ſhee bad come when ſhee
ſpyde mee, :||: and when I came, ſhee flyde mee, :||:
thus when I was beeguiled, :||: ſhee
at my ſighing, ſhee at my ſighing ſmiled, ſhee at my ſighing, :||:
ſmy-
led, But if you take ſuch pleaſure, of hope and
ioy my treaſure, by deceipt to beereaue mee, :||: to beereaue mee,
loue me & ſo deceiue mee. But if you take ſuch pleaſure, of hope & ioy my trea-
ſure, by deceipt to bereaue me, :||: to bereaue me, loue me & ſo deceiue mee.

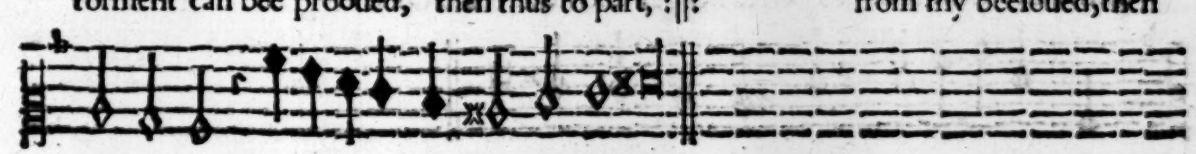

What can I doe my deareſt, of the ſweet help depriued, ij.
of thoſe thy faire eies, by which I ſtil, I ſtill haue liued, what can I doe my deareſt, of the ſweet
help, ij. depriued, what can I do my deareſt, of the ſweet help depriu'd depri- ued,
of thoſe thy faire eies, by which I ſtill haue li- ued, I ſtill haue li- ued, ij.
How can my ſoul endure, my ſoul endure, thou charg'd with ſad- nes,
Exile, frō thy deare ſight, ij. ſo full of glad- nes, of glad-
neſſe ij. How can my ſoule endure, my ſoule endure thus charg'd with
ſad- neſſe, Exile, frō thy deare ſight, ij. ſo full of glad- neſſe, of
glad- nes. ij. ſo full of glad- neſſe.

Woe am I my hart dies, :||: my hart dies, as ỹ which
on thy will relyes, ſince then I dye, :||: ſince then I die, onely in
hope to pleaſe thee, ſince then I die, :||: onely in hope to pleaſe
thee, No grief of death though cruell ſhal diſeaſe mee, No griefe of death though
eru- ell ſhall dif- eaſe mee, yet ſhall I bee torme̅ted, tormen-ted, yet
ſhall I bee tormented, :||: cruell, to ſee thee pleaſ'd and conten-
ted, yet ſhall I bee tormented, tormented, :||: tor-
mented, cruell, to ſee thee pleaſ'd and conten- ted, cruell, to
ſee thee pleaſ'd, thee pleaſ'd and contented. and contented.

thee, :||: since tis ordain'd that I muſt leaue thee, :||: Oh might I

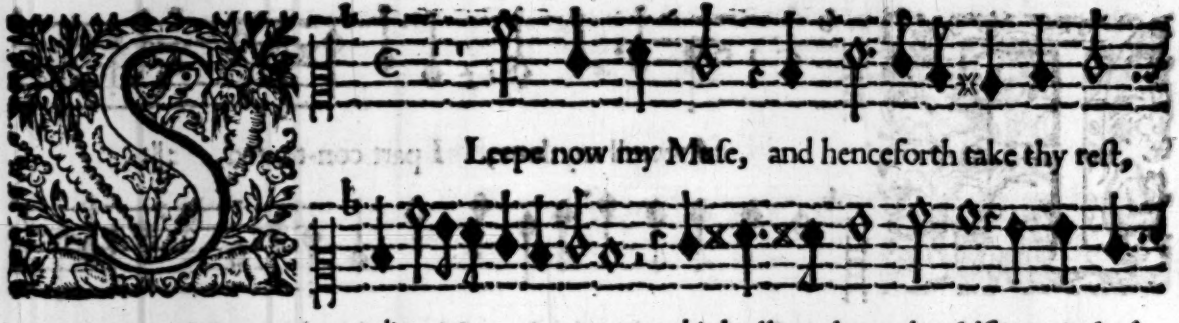
ſtay, although tormented, :||: the paine next death, the

paine next death, would little greeue mee, :||: the paine next death,

:||: would little greeue mee, No greater torment can bee prooued, then

thus to part, then thus to part frō my beeloued. :||: No greater

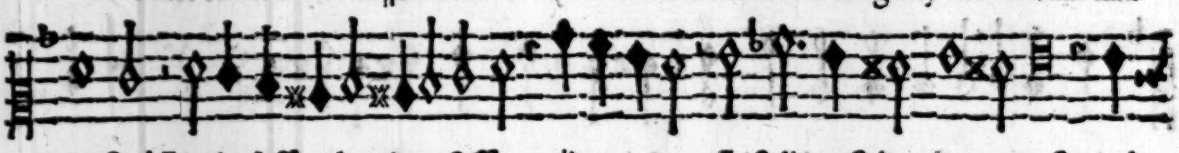
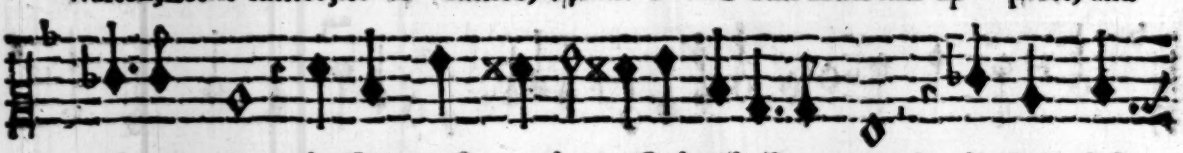
torment can bee prooued, then thus to part, :||: from my beeloued, then

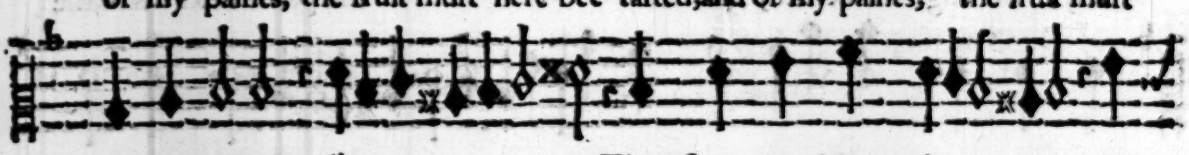


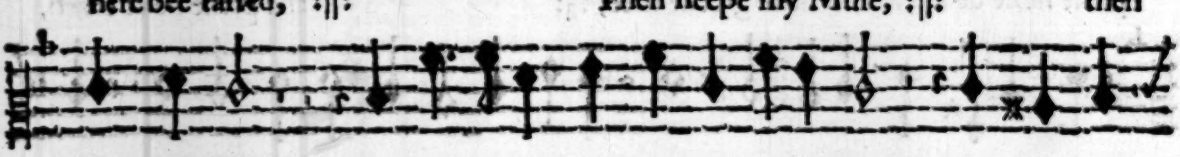
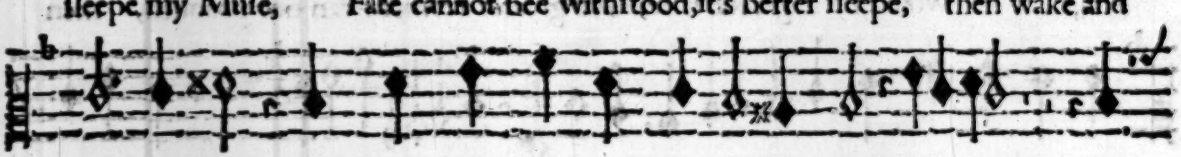
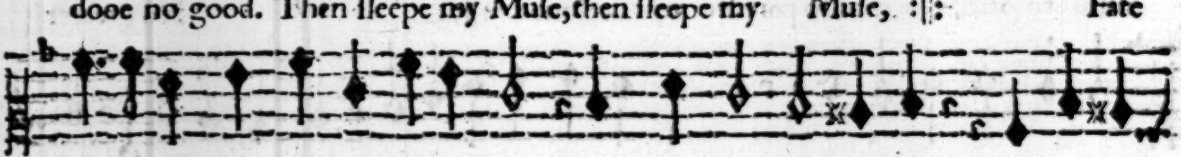
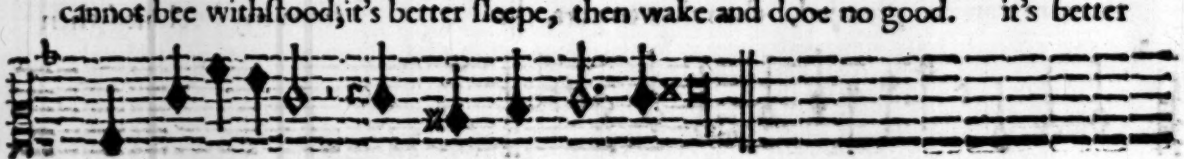
thus to part, :||: from my beelou- ed.

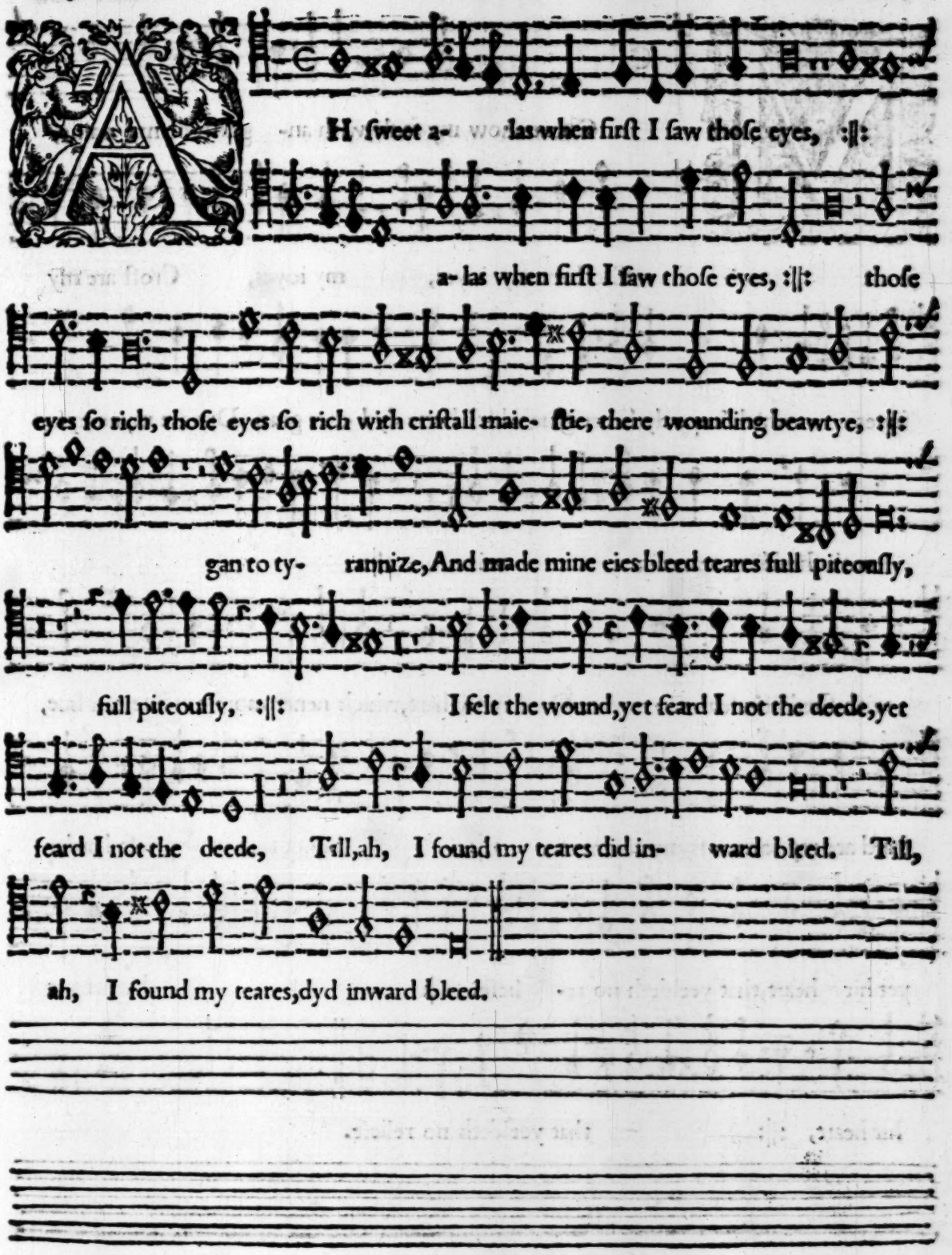
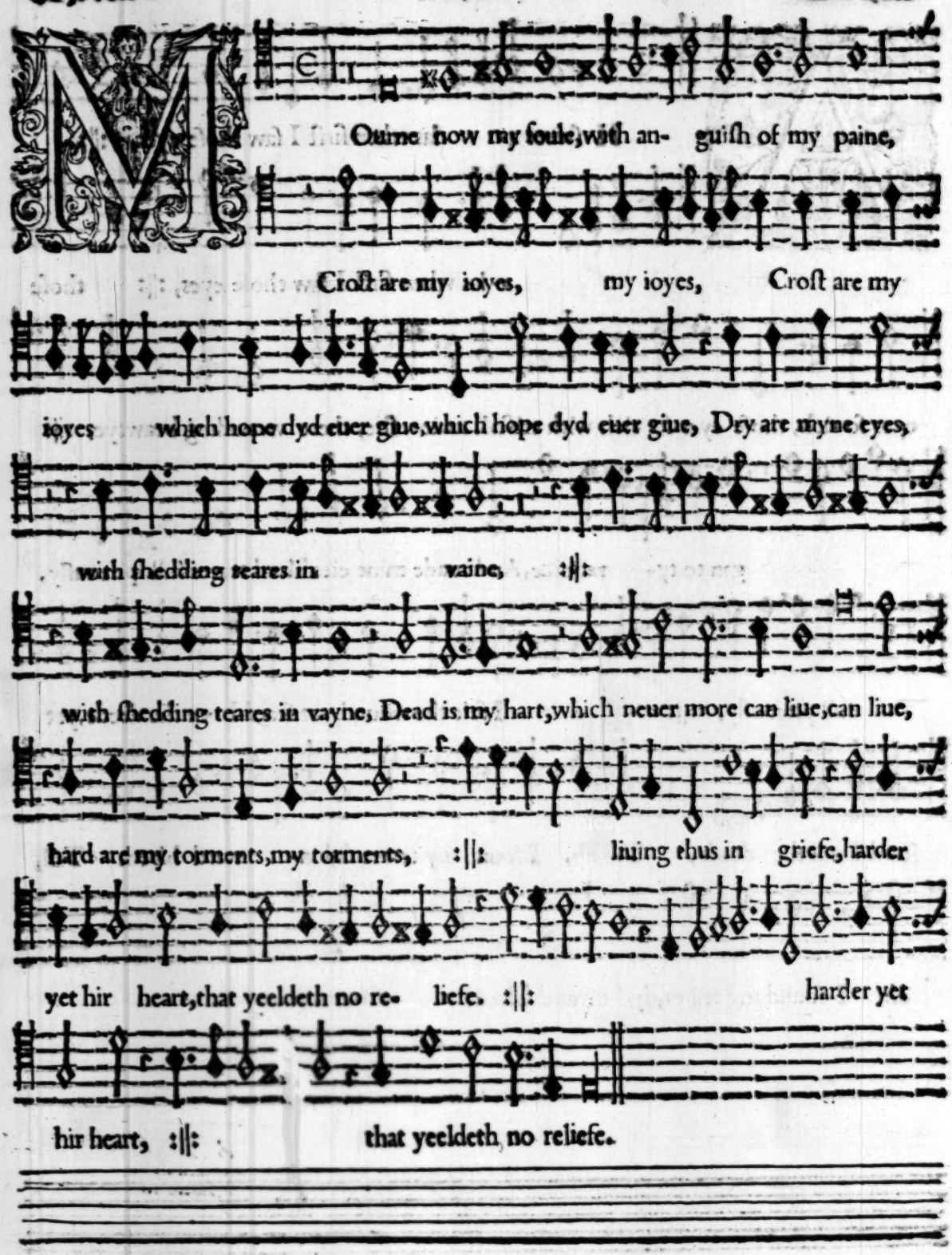
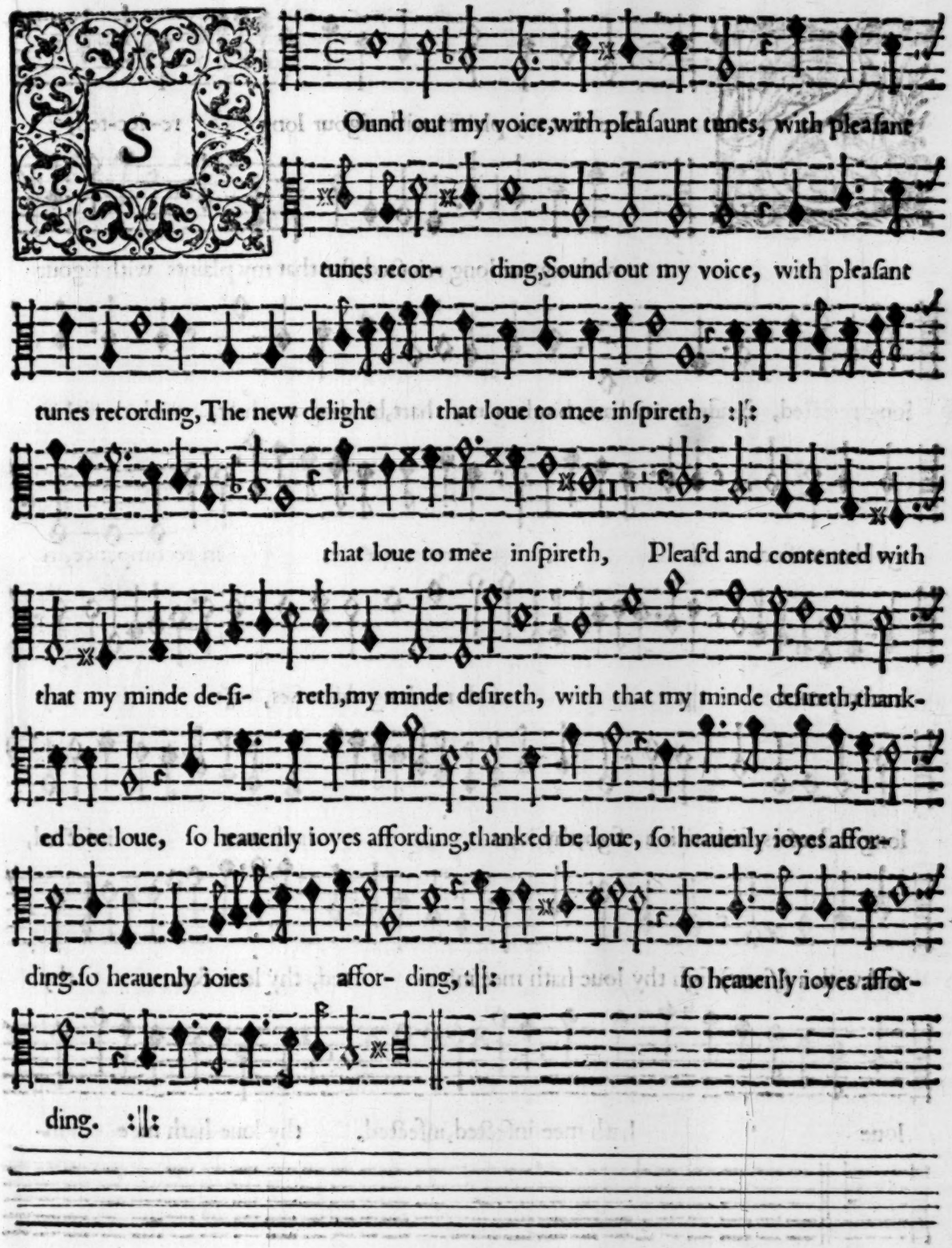
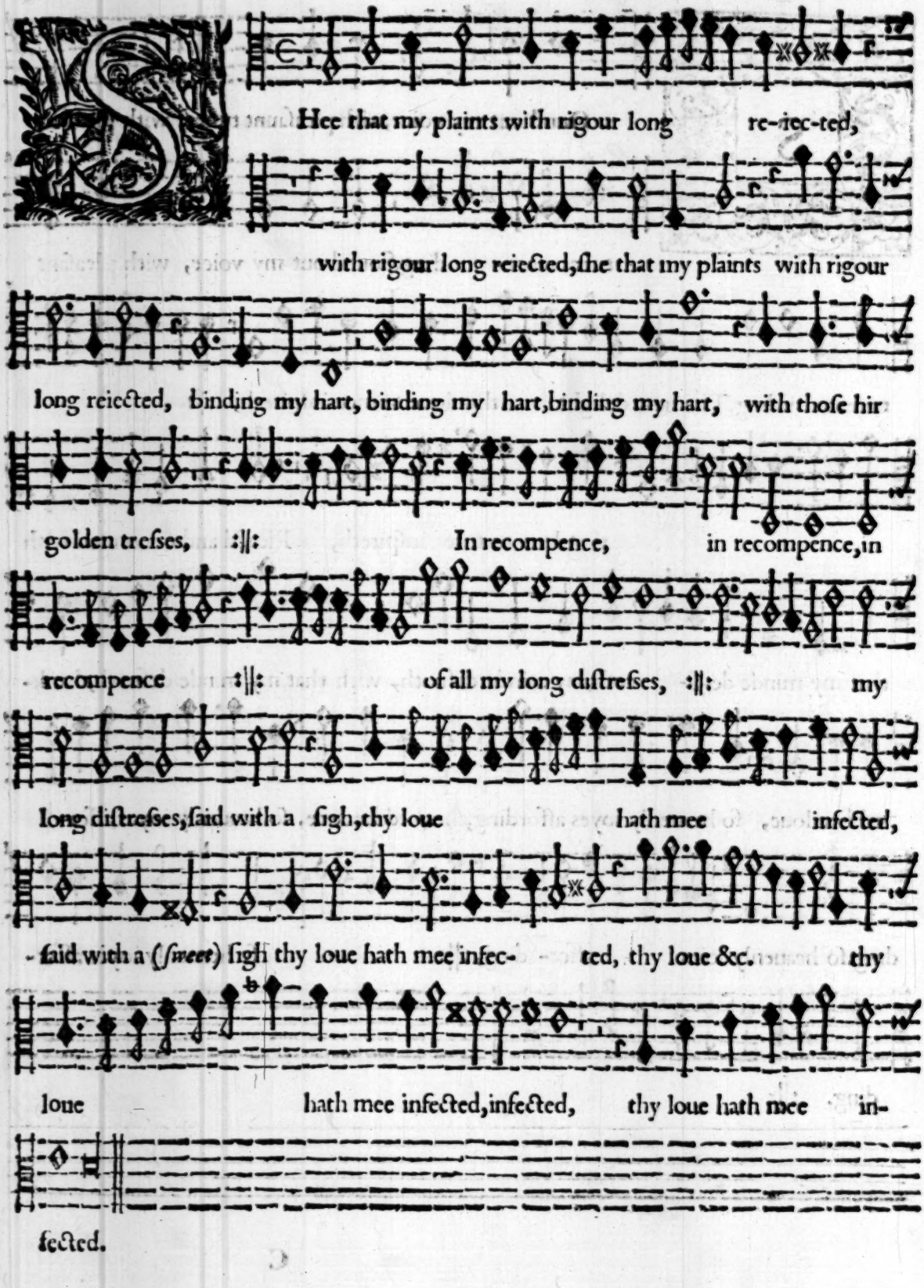
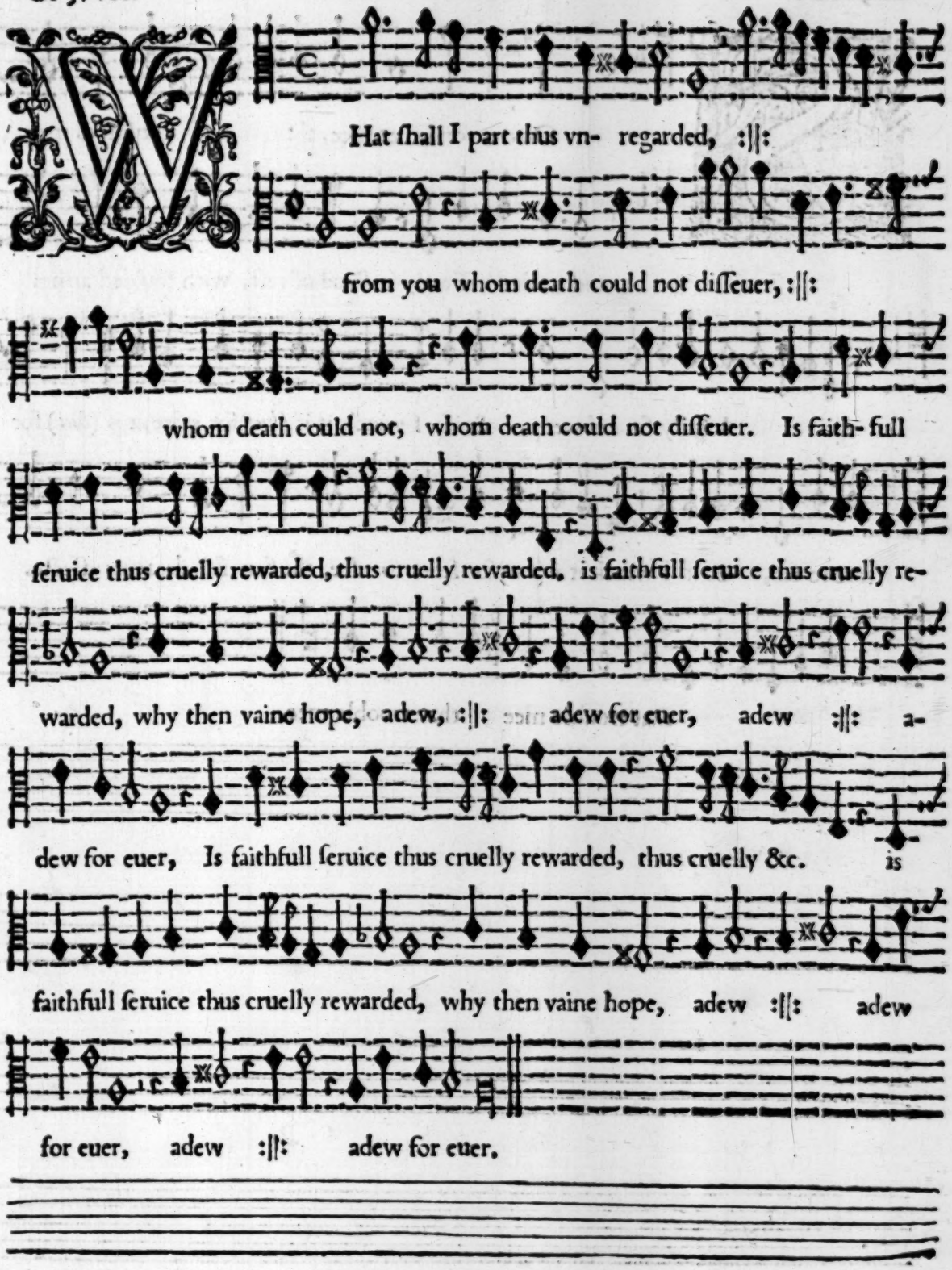


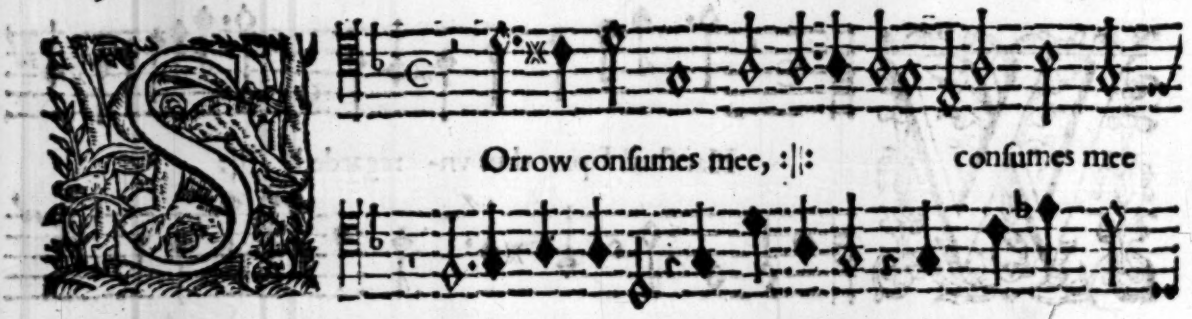
Leepe now my Muſe, and henceforth take thy reſt,

:||: which all to long thy ſelf in vain had

waſted, Let it ſuffice, let it ſuffice, :||: I ſtill muſt liue op- preſt, and

of my paines, the fruit muſt nere bee taſted, and of my paines, the fruit muſt



nere bee taſted, :||: Then ſleepe my Muſe, :||: then

ſleepe my Muſe, Fate cannot bee withſtood, it's better ſleepe, then wake and

dooe no good. Then ſleepe my Muſe, then ſleepe my Muſe, :||: Fate

cannot bee withſtood, it's better ſleepe, then wake and dooe no good. it's better

ſleepe, :||: then wake and dooe no good.

Heere endeth the ſongs of foure parts.

A H sweet a- las when first I saw those eyes, :||:
a- las when first I saw those eyes, :||: those
eyes so rich, those eyes so rich with cristall maie- stie, there wounding beawtye, :||:
gan to ty- rannize, And made mine eies bleed teares full piteously,
full piteously, :||: I felt the wound, yet feard I not the deede, yet
feard I not the deede, Till, ah, I found my teares did in- ward bleed. Till,
ah, I found my teares, dyd inward bleed.

Mourne now my soule, with an- guish of my paine,
Croft are my ioyes, my ioyes, Croft are my
ioyes which hope dyd euer giue, which hope dyd euer giue, Dry are myne eyes,
with shedding teares in vaine, :||:
with shedding teares in vayne, Dead is my hart, which neuer more can liue, can liue,
hard are my torments, my torments, :||: liuing thus in griefe, harder
yet hir heart, that yeeldeth no re- liefe. :||: harder yet
hir heart, :||: that yeeldeth no reliefe.

Sound out my voice, with pleasaunt tunes, with pleasant
tunes recor- ding, Sound out my voice, with pleasant
tunes recording, The new delight that loue to mee inspireth, :|:
that loue to mee inspireth, Pleas'd and contented with
that my minde de-si- reth, my minde desireth, with that my minde desireth, thank-
ed bee loue, so heauenly ioyes affording, thanked be loue, so heauenly ioyes affor-
ding. so heauenly ioies affor- ding, :||: so heauenly ioyes affor-
ding. :||:

Shee that my plaints with rigour long re-iec-ted,
with rigour long reiected, ſhe that my plaints with rigour
long reiected, binding my hart, binding my hart, binding my hart, with thoſe hir
golden treſſes, :||: In recompence, in recompence, in
recompence :||: of all my long diſtreſſes, :||: my
long diſtreſſes, ſaid with a ſigh, thy loue hath mee infected,
ſaid with a (ſweet) ſigh thy loue hath mee infec- ted, thy loue &c. thy
loue hath mee infected, infected, thy loue hath mee in-
fected.

What ſhall I part thus vn- regarded, :||:
from you whom death could not diſſeuer, :||:
whom death could not, whom death could not diſſeuer. Is faith- full
ſeruice thus cruelly rewarded, thus cruelly rewarded, is faithfull ſeruice thus cruelly re-
warded, why then vaine hope, adew, :||: adew for euer, adew :||: a-
dew for euer, Is faithfull ſeruice thus cruelly rewarded, thus cruelly &c. is
faithfull ſeruice thus cruelly rewarded, why then vaine hope, adew :||: adew
for euer, adew :||: adew for euer.


Orrow conſumes mee, :||: conſumes mee
and in ſtead of reſt, in ſtead of reſt, with foulded armes
:||: I ſadly ſit and weep, & if I winck it is (but)for feare,it is (but) for
feare to ſee, & if I winck it is(but)for feare to ſee, the fearefull dreames effectes
that trouble mee that trooble mee.

H heauens what ſhall I doe? what ſhall I doe? A-

las, Alas a-las muſt I, muſt I my ſelfe be murdrer of my

ſelfe, muſt I, be murdrer of my ſelfe, muſt I my ſelfe (alas) be forſt to ope the

way, muſt I my ſelfe be forſt to ope the way whereat my ſoule in wounds may

ſal- ly forth, may ſally forth, whereat my ſoule, whereat my ſoule may ſally

forth, hard is my hap :||: hard is my hap, & thus in griefe I dye.

Hy ſhould I loue, ſince ſhe doth proue vngrate-

full, why ſhould I loue, ſince ſhe doth proue vngrate-

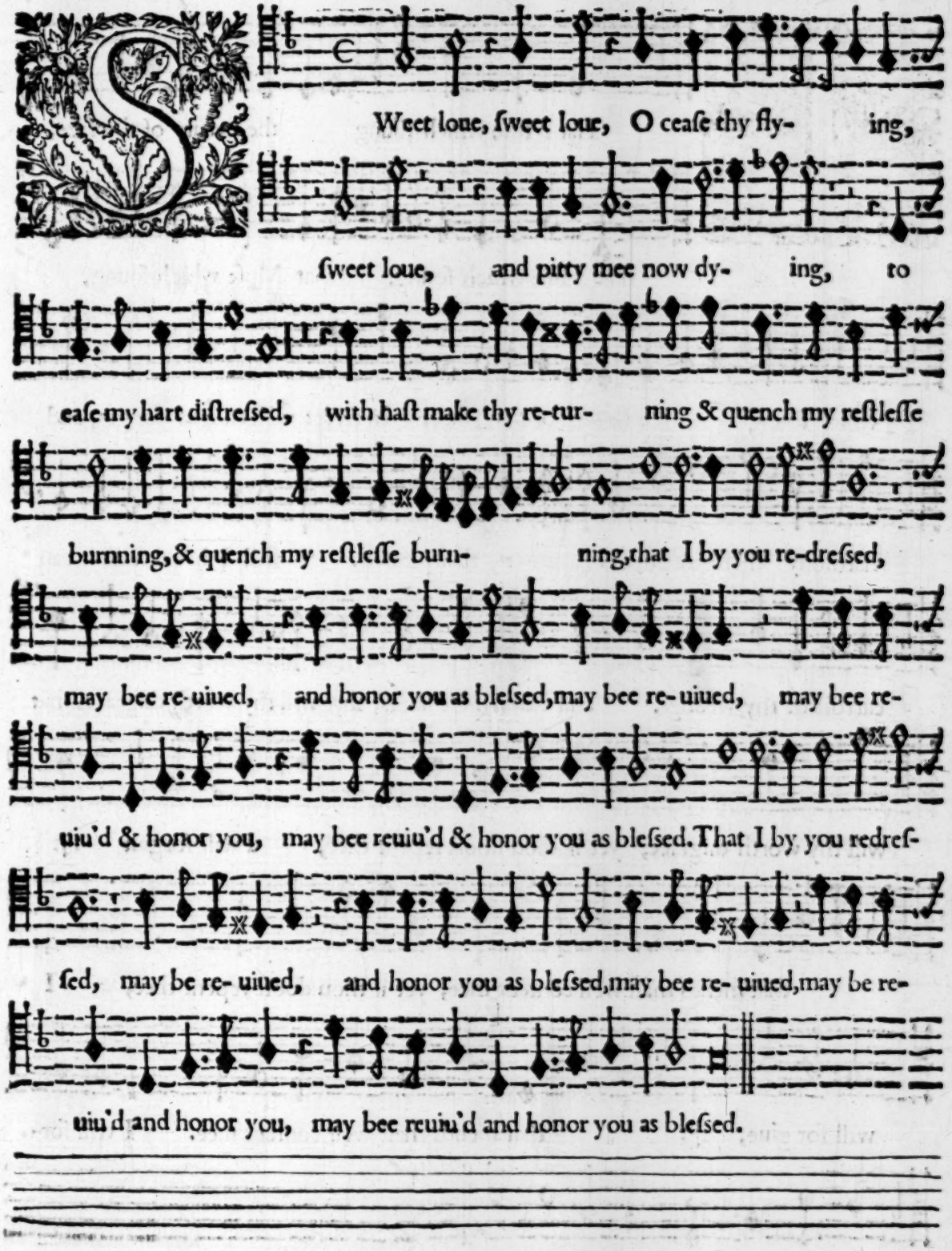
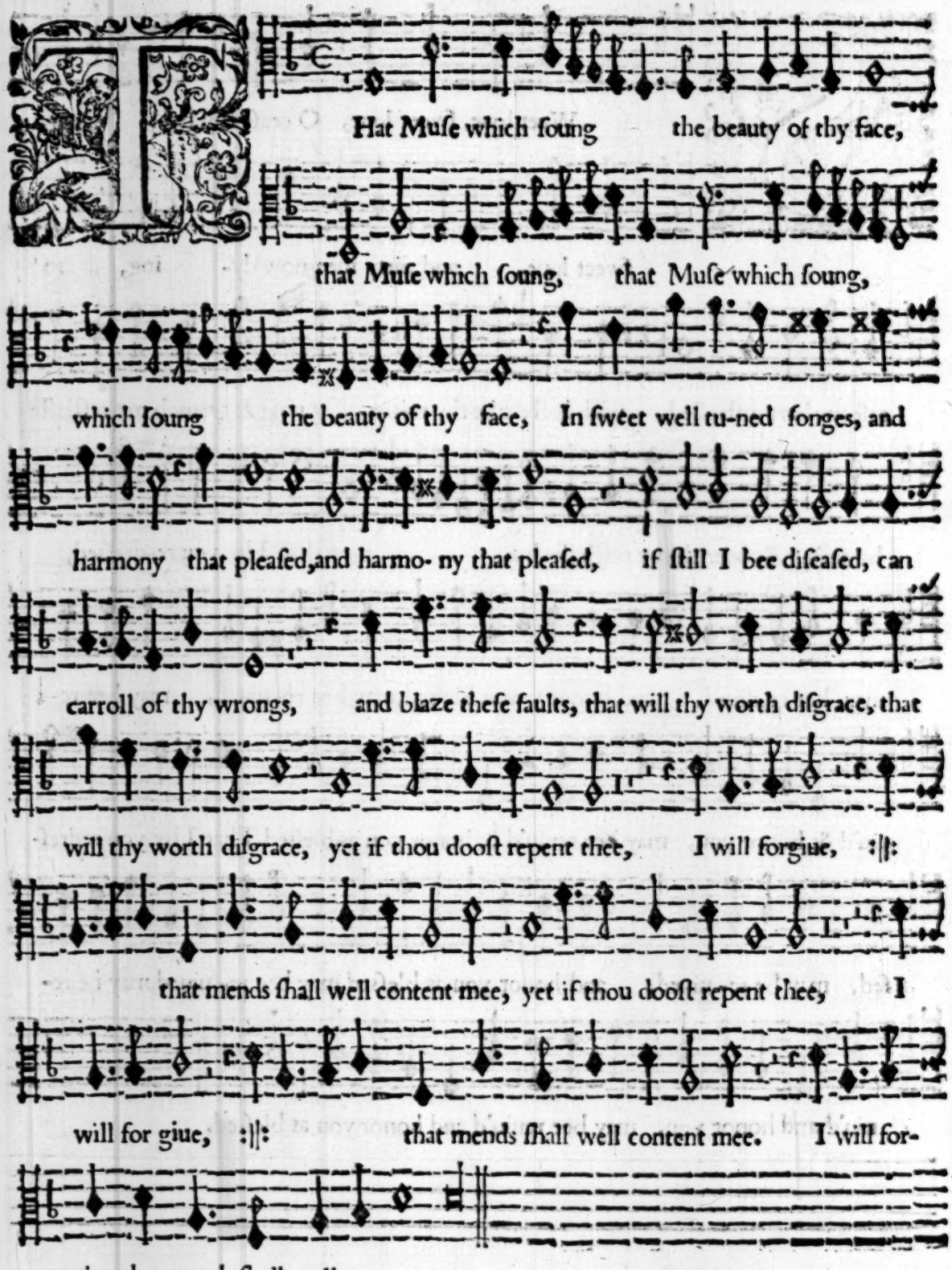
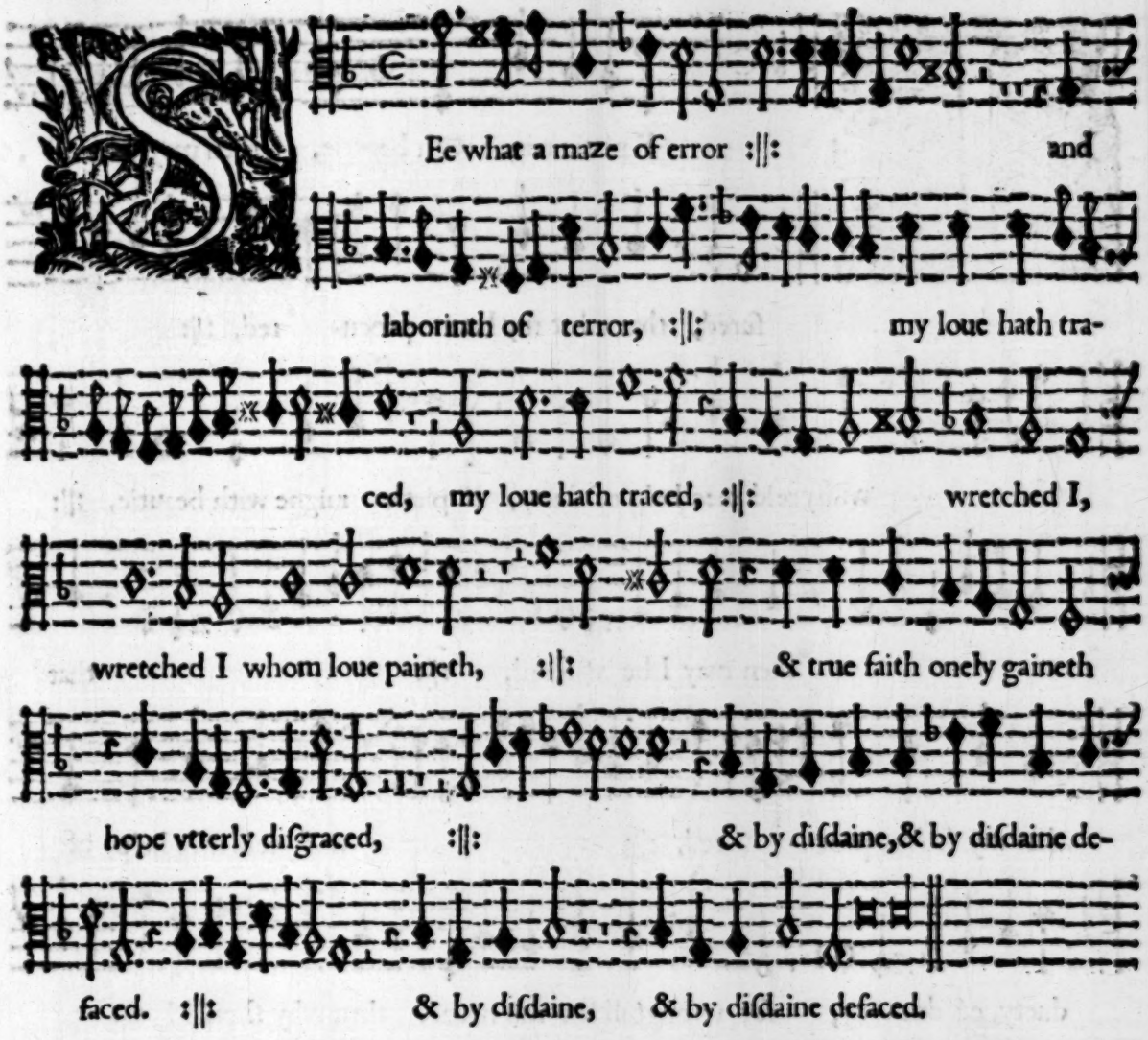
full, ſince for reward I reap diſ-daine ſince for reward I reap naught but

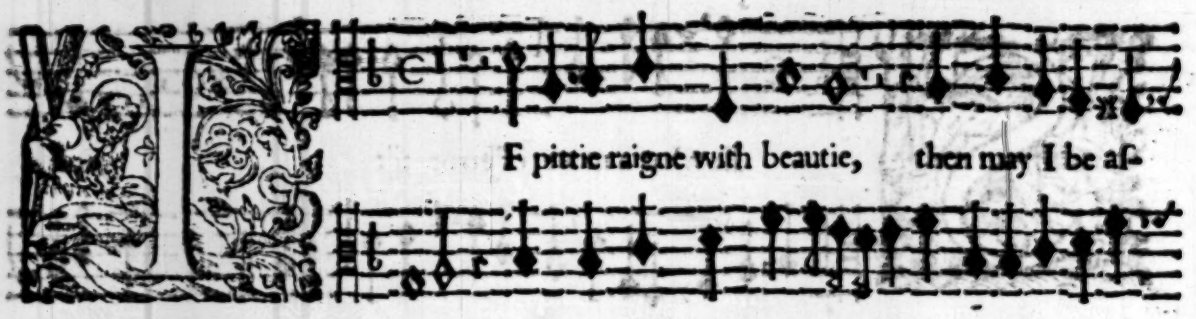
diſdaine reap naught but diſdaine, loue thus to be requited, :||: it is

hatefull, & reaſon would I ſhould not loue in vaine, not loue in vaine, yet all in

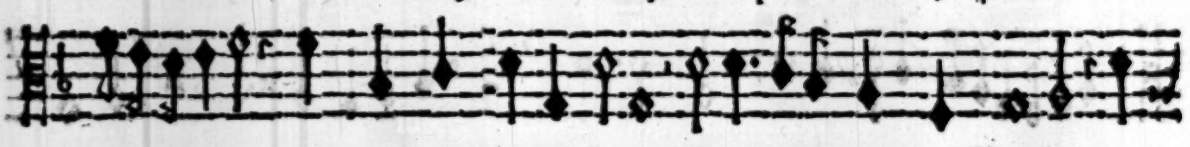
vaine :||: for loue, :||: for loue hath no ſo-ci- e-tie with reaſon,

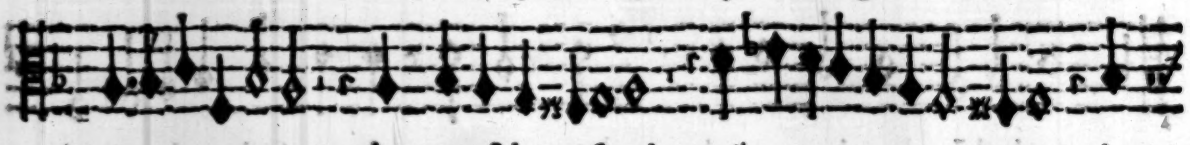
yet all in vaine :||: for loue, :||: for loue hath no ſo-ci- e-tie with

reaſon.

Weet loue, ſweet loue, O ceaſe thy fly- ing,
ſweet loue, and pitty mee now dy- ing, to
eaſe my hart diſtreſſed, with haſt make thy re-tur- ning & quench my reſtleſſe
burnning,& quench my reſtleſſe burn- ning,that I by you re-dreſſed,
may bee re-uiued, and honor you as bleſsed,may bee re-uiued, may bee re-
uiu'd & honor you, may bee reuiu'd & honor you as bleſsed. That I by you redreſ-
ſed, may be re-uiued, and honor you as bleſsed,may bee re-uiued,may be re-
uiu'd and honor you, may bee reuiu'd and honor you as bleſsed.

THat Muſe which ſoung the beauty of thy face,
that Muſe which ſoung, that Muſe which ſoung,
which ſoung the beauty of thy face, In ſweet well tu-ned ſonges, and
harmony that pleaſed, and harmo- ny that pleaſed, if ſtill I bee diſeaſed, can
carroll of thy wrongs, and blaze theſe faults, that will thy worth diſgrace, that
will thy worth diſgrace, yet if thou dooſt repent thee, I will forgiue, :||:
that mends ſhall well content mee, yet if thou dooſt repent thee, I
will for giue, :||: that mends ſhall well content mee. I will for-
giue, that mends ſhall well content mee.

See what a maze of error :||: and
laborinth of terror, :||: my loue hath tra-
ced, my loue hath traced, :||: wretched I,
wretched I whom loue paineth, :||: & true faith onely gaineth
hope vtterly disgraced, :||: & by disdaine, & by disdaine de-
faced. :||: & by disdaine, & by disdaine defaced.

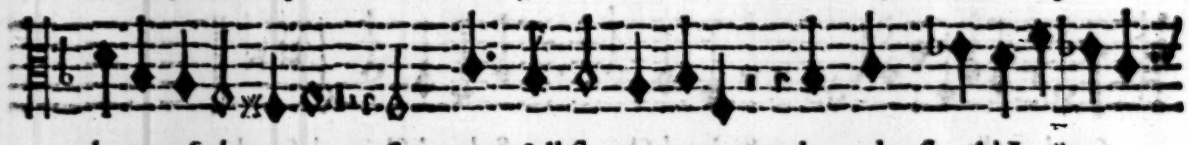
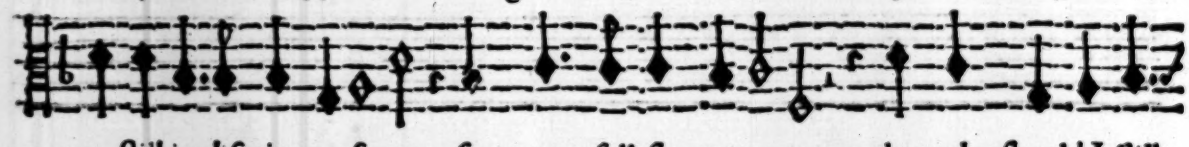


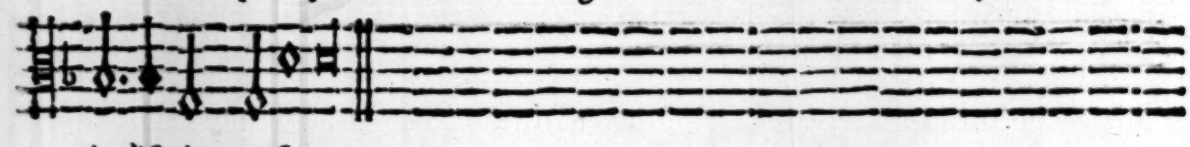
IF pittie raigne with beautie, then may I be af-

ſured, that what my harme procu- red, :||:

will yeeld mee help of duety, If pittie raigne with beautie, :||:

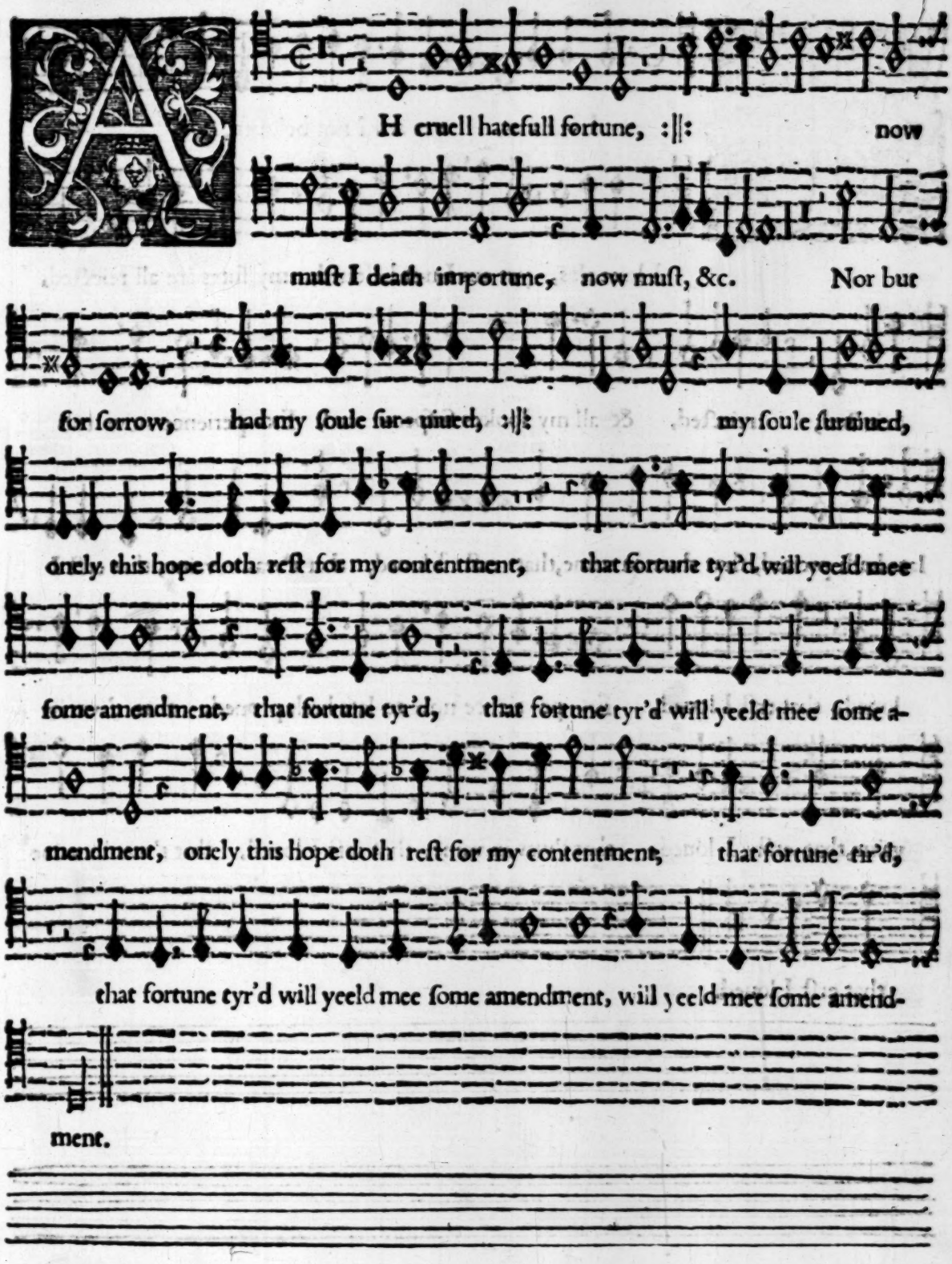
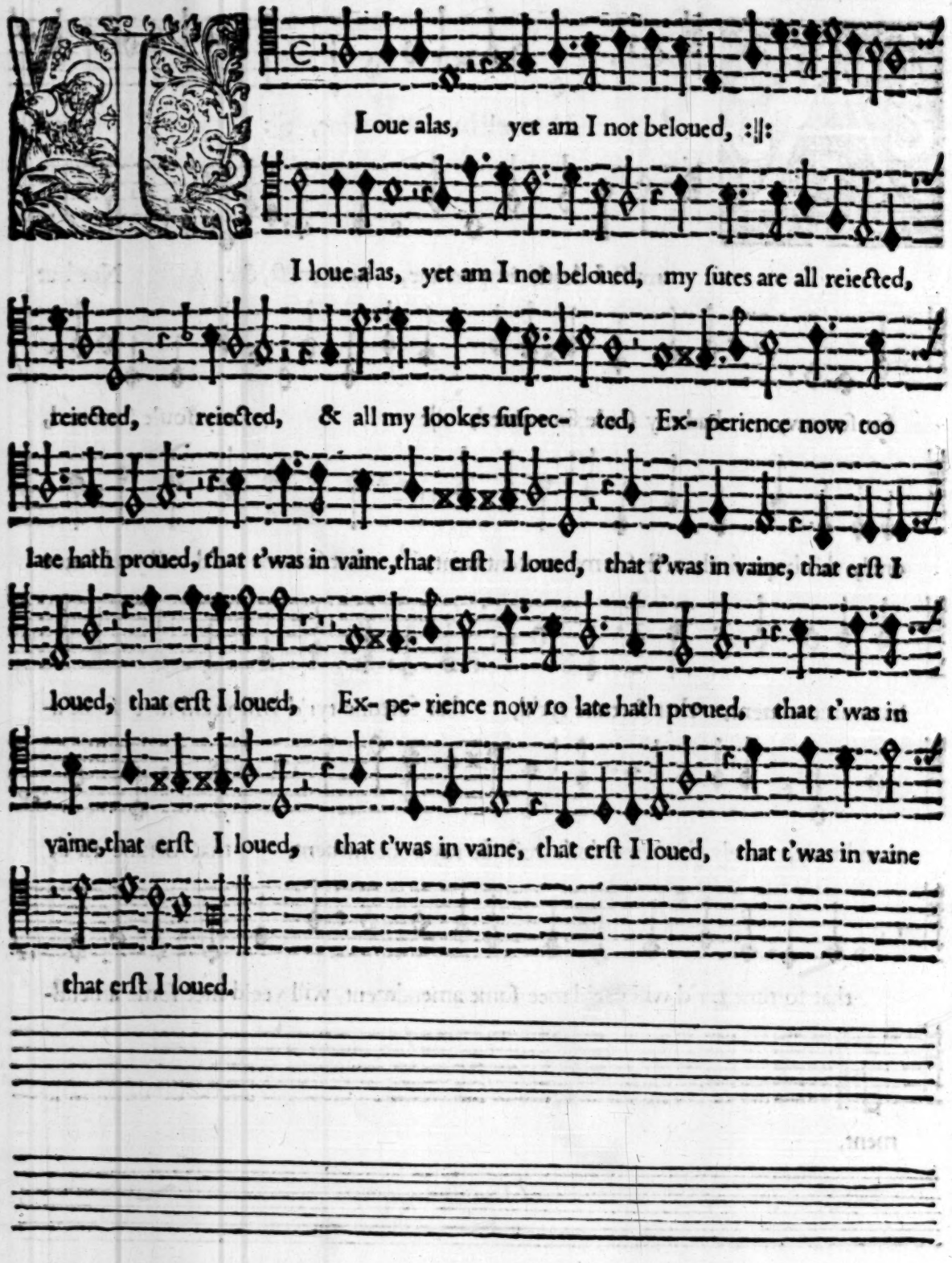
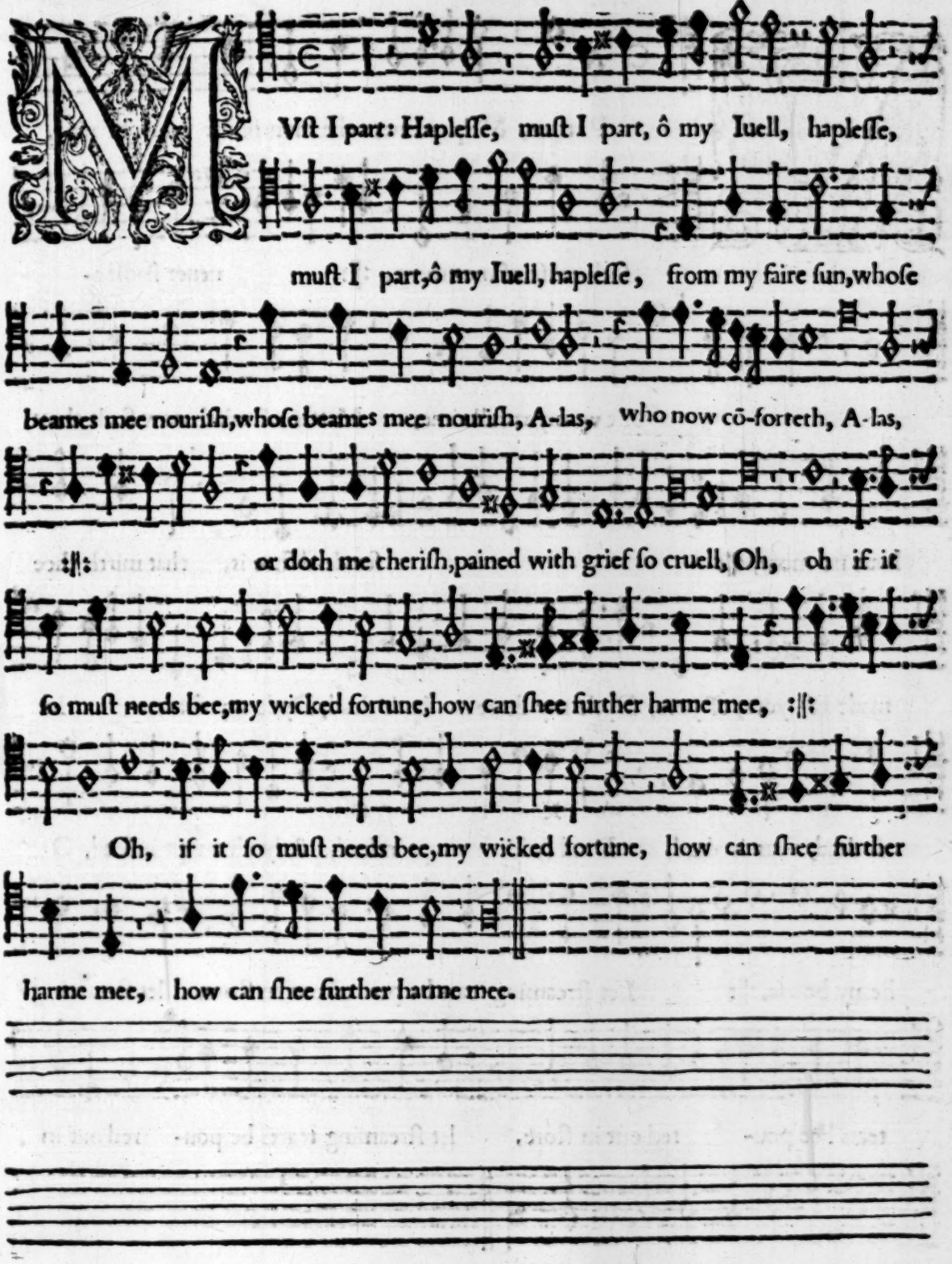


then may I be aſ-ſured, :||: that

what my harme procu- red, :||: will yeeld mee help, of

duety, of due- ty; for wrongfull ſhe was neuer, then why ſhould I :||:

ſtill in diſpaire perſeuer. for wrongfull ſhe was neuer, then why ſhould I, ſtill



in diſpaire perſeuer.

Heere endeth the ſongs of fiue parts.

AH cruell hatefull fortune, :||: now
must I death importune, now must, &c. Nor but
for sorrow, had my soule sur- uiued, :||: my soule surviued,
onely this hope doth rest for my contentment, that fortune tyr'd will yeeld mee
some amendment, that fortune tyr'd, that fortune tyr'd will yeeld mee some a-
mendment, onely this hope doth rest for my contentment, that fortune tir'd,
that fortune tyr'd will yeeld mee some amendment, will yeeld mee some amend-
ment.

Loue alas, yet am I not beloued, :||:
I loue alas, yet am I not beloued, my ſutes are all reiected,
reiected, reiected, & all my lookes ſuſpec- ted, Ex- perience now too
late hath proued, that t'was in vaine, that erſt I loued, that t'was in vaine, that erſt I
loued, that erſt I loued, Ex- pe- rience now to late hath proued, that t'was in
vaine, that erſt I loued, that t'was in vaine, that erſt I loued, that t'was in vaine
that erſt I loued.

MVſt I part: Hapleſſe, muſt I part, ô my Iuell, hapleſſe,
muſt I part,ô my Iuell, hapleſſe, from my faire ſun,whoſe
beames mee nouriſh,whoſe beames mee nouriſh, A-las, who now cō-forteth, A-las,
or doth me cheriſh,pained with grief ſo cruell, Oh, oh if it
ſo muſt needs bee,my wicked fortune,how can ſhee further harme mee,
Oh, if it ſo muſt needs bee,my wicked fortune, how can ſhee further
harme mee, how can ſhee further harme mee.

P then, Melpomene, the mournfulst Muse of nine,

such cause of mourning, :||: neuer hadst a-

fore, Vp griefly gostes, & vp my rufull rime, Matter of mirth now shalt thou

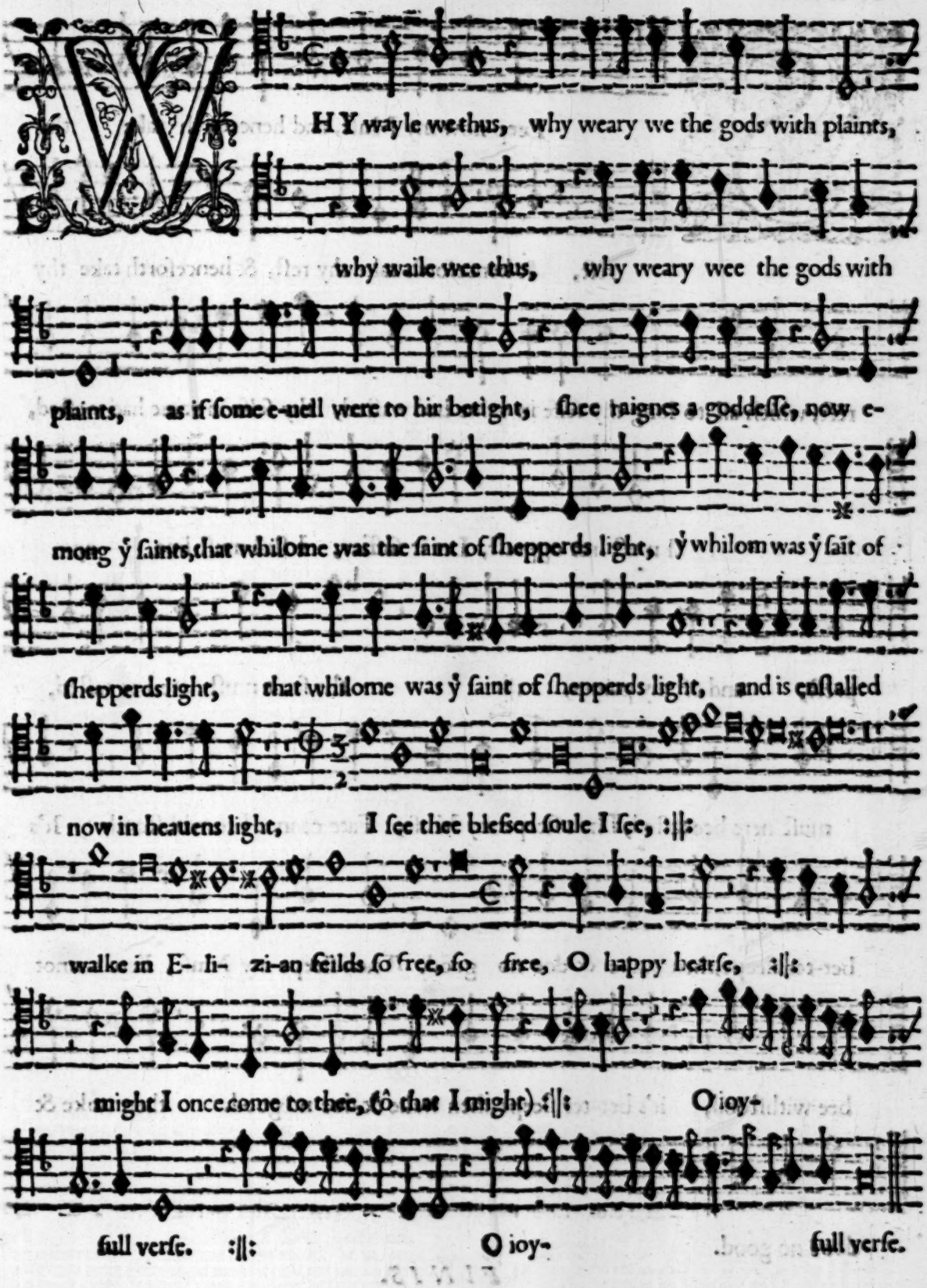
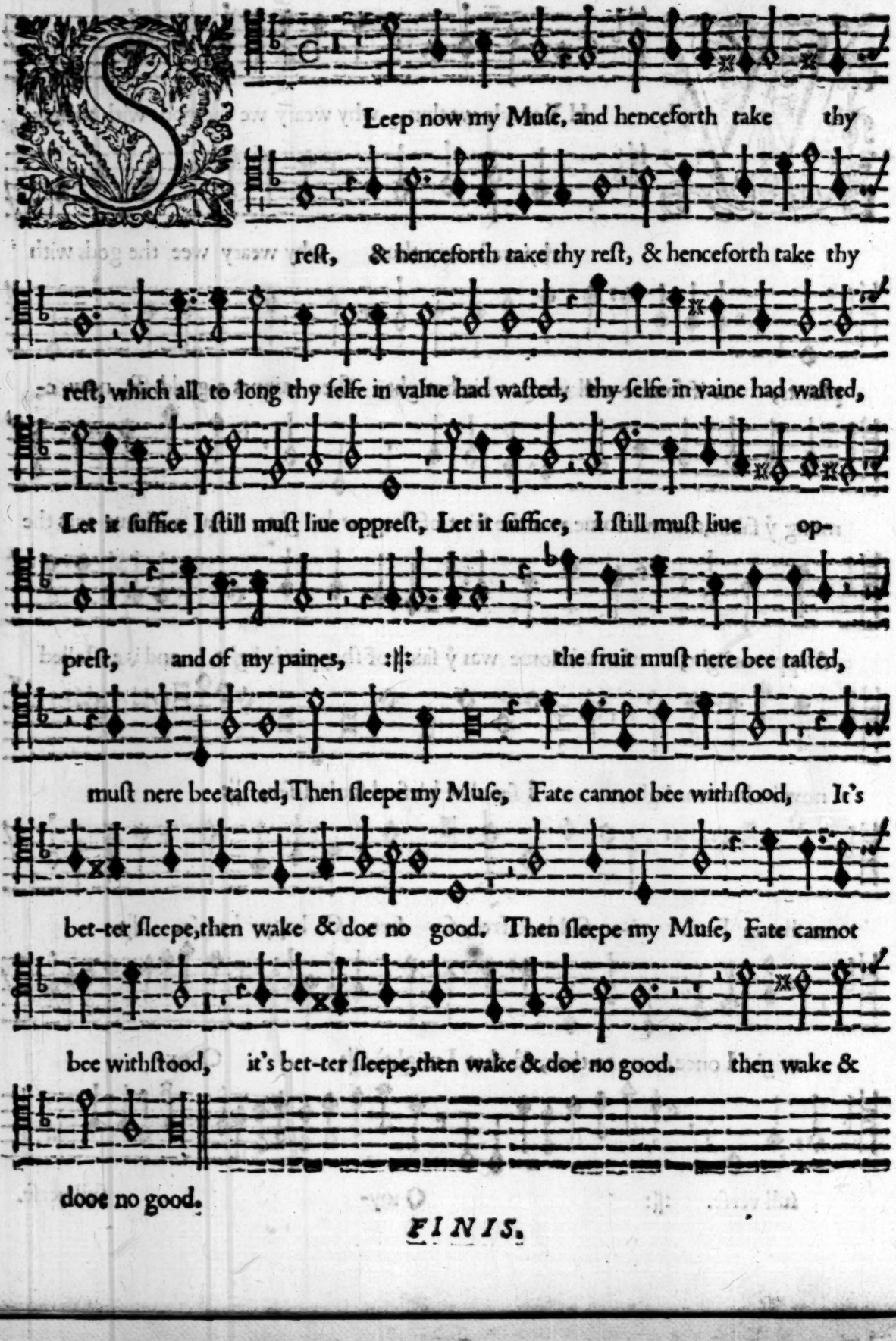
haue no more, :||: for dead shee is, that mirth thee

made of yore, of yore, Dydo my deare a- las is dead, Dydo my deare, a- las

is dead, a-las is dead, Dead & lyeth wrapt in lead, & lyeth wrapt in lead, O

heauy hearse, :||: Let streaming tears be poured out in store, let streaming

tears bee pou- red out in store, let streaming teares be pou- red out in

store, O carefull verse, ô carefull verse.

WHY wayle we thus, why weary we the gods with plaints,
why waile wee thus, why weary wee the gods with
plaints, as if ſome e-uell were to hir betight, ſhee raignes a goddeſſe, now e-
mong ỳ ſaints, that whilome was the ſaint of ſhepperds light, ỳ whilom was ỳ ſaīt of
ſhepperds light, that whilome was ỳ ſaint of ſhepperds light, and is enſtalled
now in heauens light, I ſee thee bleſsed ſoule I ſee, :||:
walke in E- li- zi-an feilds ſo free, ſo free, O happy hearſe, :||:
might I once come to thee, (ô that I might) :||: O ioy-
full verſe. :||: O ioy- full verſe.

Sleep now my Muſe, and henceforth take thy
reſt, & henceforth take thy reſt, & henceforth take thy
reſt, which all to long thy ſelfe in vaine had waſted, thy ſelfe in vaine had waſted,
Let it ſuffice I ſtill muſt liue oppreſt, Let it ſuffice, I ſtill muſt liue op-
preſt, and of my paines, :||: the fruit muſt nere bee taſted,
muſt nere bee taſted, Then ſleepe my Muſe, Fate cannot bee withſtood, It's
bet-ter ſleepe, then wake & doe no good. Then ſleepe my Muſe, Fate cannot
bee withſtood, it's bet-ter ſleepe, then wake & doe no good. then wake &
dooe no good.

FINIS.

BASSVS.

The first set

OF ENGLISH

Madrigalls,

to 4. 5. & 6. voyces.

Made and newly published
by
George Kirbye.

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Este
dwelling in alderſgate
ſtreet.
1597.

To the vertuous, and very worthy Gentlewomen, Mistris Anne: and Mistris Frauncis Iermin, daughters to the right worshipfull, Syr Robert Iermin Knight, (his very good Maister) G.K. wisheth in this life, increase of all vertues, and in the life to come, the full fruition of all happinesse.

IT were a thing very vnnecessary (thrise worthy & vertuous gentlewomen) for mee (although I were able) to speake any thing in commendation & praise of Musicke, considering (besides that many learned men haue learnedly written in commendation thereof) the examples of times past, and our owne experience euery day, doth giue sufficient testimonie both of the pleasure and profit that it bringeth to a distressed & melancholy mind. Also I think it conuenient not to answere (otherwise then with silence) to those (more senceless then brute beastes) that with open mouthes doe in-veigh, & speake all the euill they can against that excellent knowledge. But it standeth mee in hand, rather to craue pardon, for this my boldnes, in putting to the veiw of so many learned Musitions, (which this age & Realme affordeth) these first fruites of my poore knowledge in Musicke, yet I hope, that as they themselues had small entrances, beefore they came to their perfection, so they will fauourably, accept of these beginnings, looking for better hereafter: And in hope of their better likings, I haue made choise of you to patronise these my labours, as well for the Hæreditarie vertues of your godly parentes alreadie dwelling in you, as also for the delight, knowledge, and practise which you haue in Musicke, in the which few or none (that I know) can excell you. Vouchsafe therefore (worthy Mistrisses) to vndertake the tuition of that, which by right & equitie, you may challenge for your owne, being no straungers, but home bredd, & which for your delight & cõtentments were first by me compiled: & as you seemed to like them, being mine, so I doe not doubt but you will more fauour them, now beeing your owne. Then I (your deuoted seruant) shall think my paines heerein very well rewarded, & be better encouraged to employ my time hereafter in your further seruice.

Yours in all duetie,

George Kirbye.

THE TABLE

Songs to 4. voyces.

LOE heere my heart I leaue. I
Alas what hope of ſpeeding. II
What can I doe my deareſt. III
Woe am I my hart dies. IIII
Farewell my loue. V
Sleep now my Muſe. VI

Songs to 5. voyces.

Ah ſweet alas when firſt I ſaw. VII
Mourne now my ſoule. VIII
Sound out my voyce. 1. part. IX
Shee that my plaints. 2. part. X
What ſhall I part thus vnrewarded. XI
Sorrow conſumes mee. 1. part. XII
Oh heauens. 2. part. XIII
Why ſhould I loue. XIIII
Sweet loue, ſweet loue. XV
That Muſe which ſoung, XVI
See what a maze of error. XVII
If pittie reigne with beautie. XVIII

Songs to 6. voyces.

Ah cruell hatefull fortune. XIX
I loue alas, yet am I not beloued. XX
Muſt I part my ſweet iewell, XXI
Vp then, Melpomene. 1. part. XXII
Why waile wee thus. 2. part. XXIII
Sleep now my Muſe. XXIIII

FINIS.

Oe heere my hart I leaue with hir remay- ning,

:||: that neuer yet did deigne to

doe mee pleaſure, and when I ſeeke to moue hir with complay-ning, and when &c.

ſhe ſkornes my ſighes and teares alas paſt meaſure, :||:

ſweet Loue, oh turne hir hart at laſt & ioy mee, at laſt & ioy

mee, or els hir deepe diſdaine will ſoone deſtroy mee. ſweet Loue, oh turne hir hart

at laſt & ioy mee, at laſt & ioy mee, or els hir deep diſdaine will ſoone deſtroy mee.

Las what hope of ſpeeding, wher hope be-

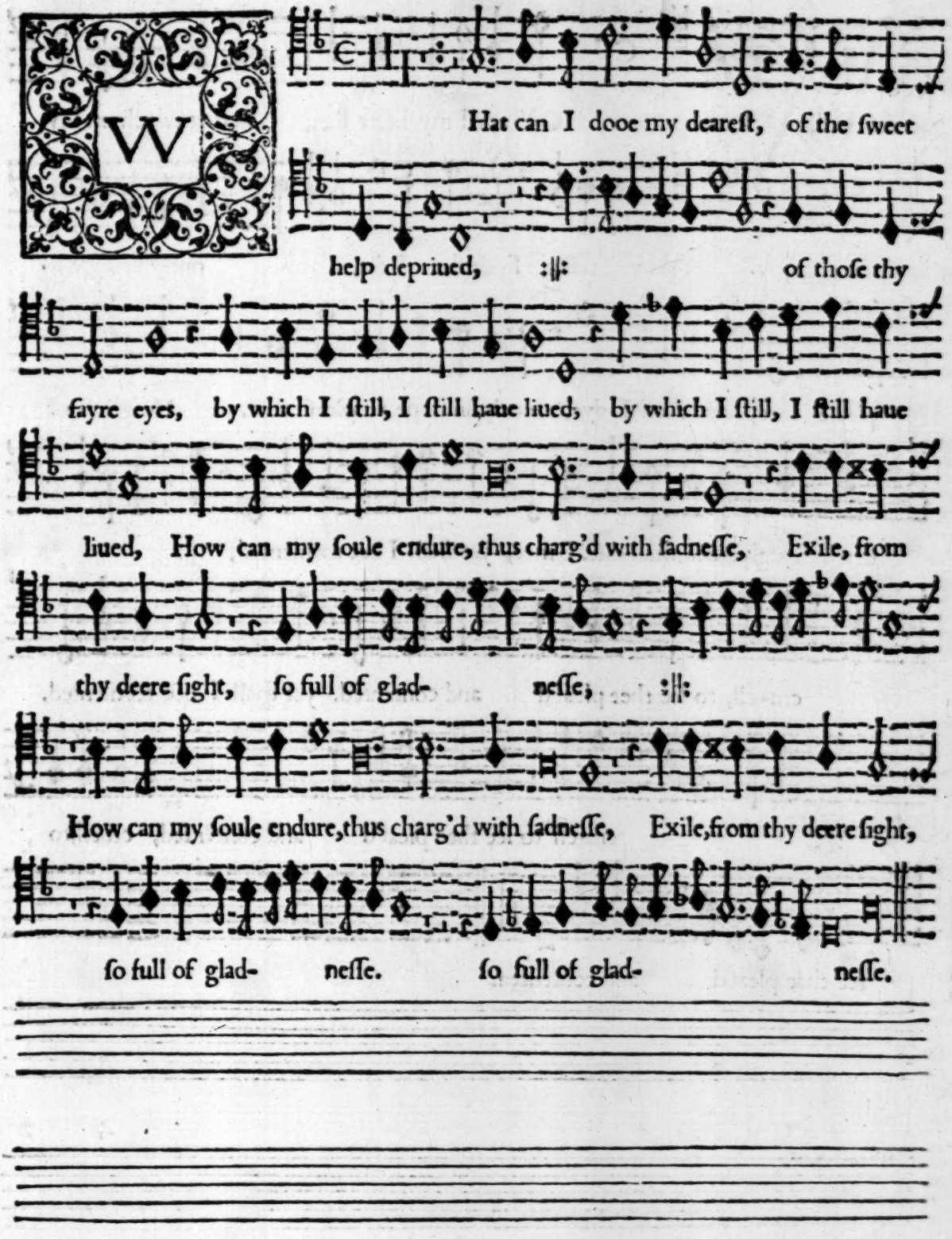
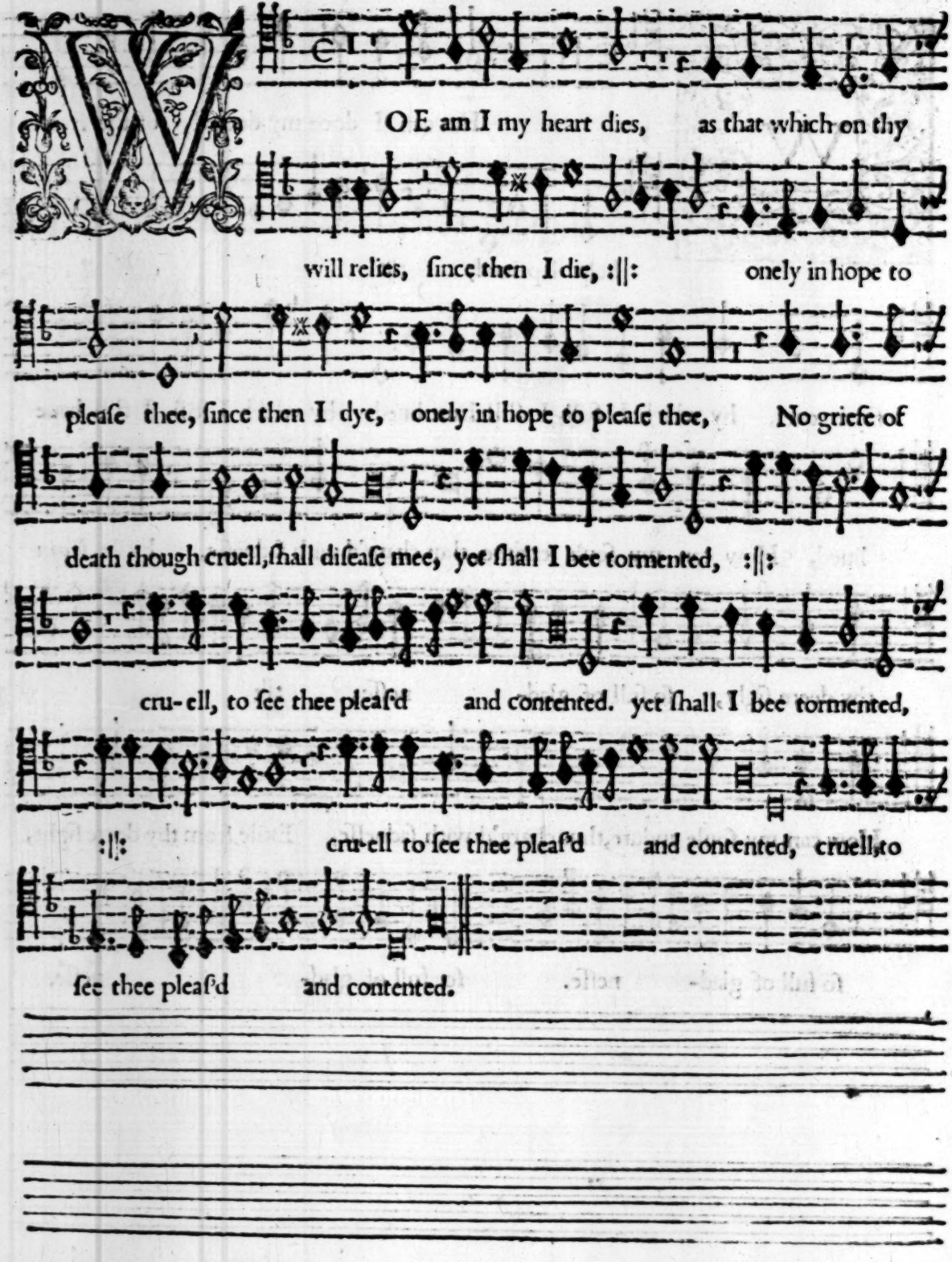
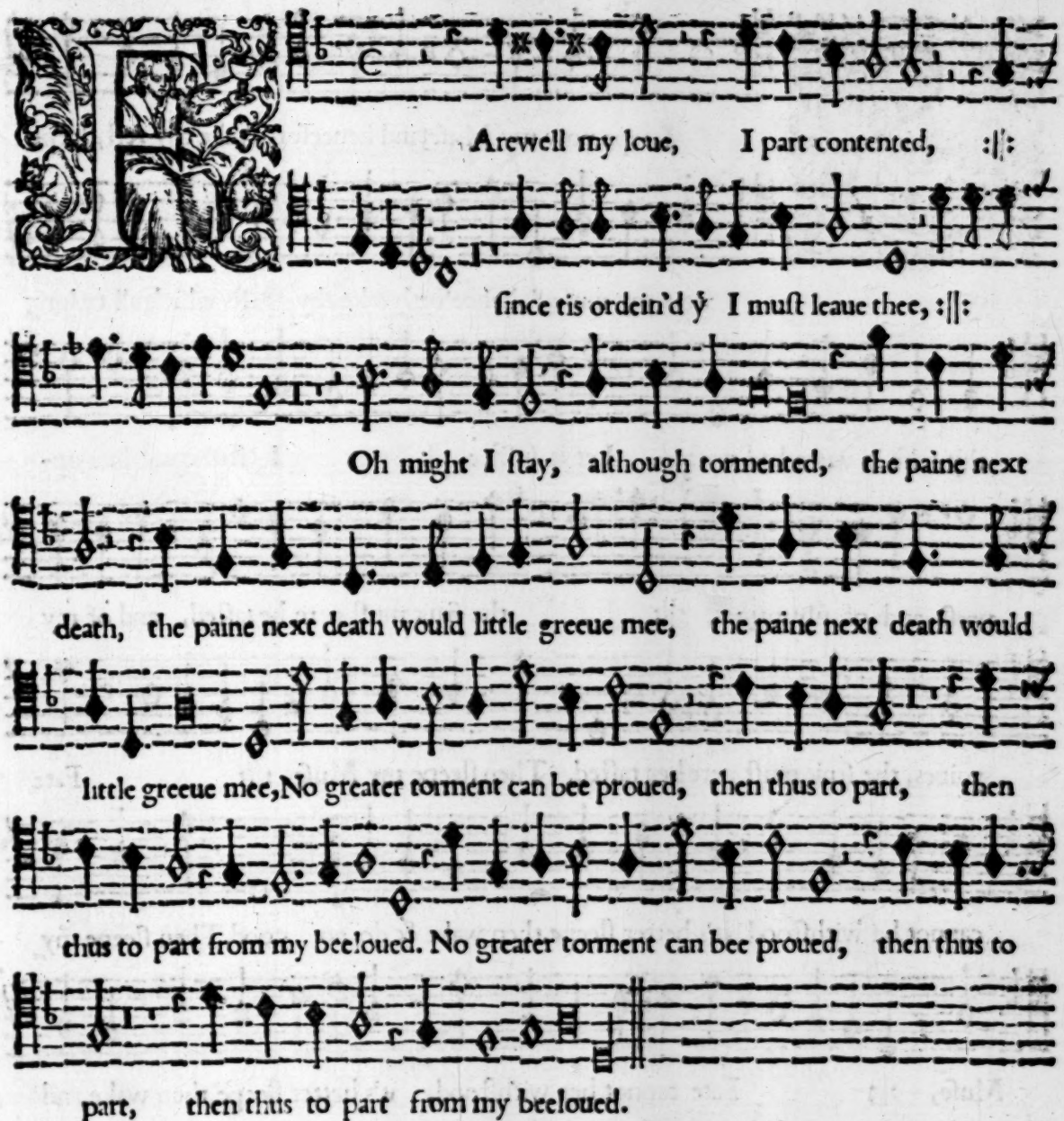
guild, lies bleeding, ſhee bad come when ſhee ſpyde mee,

when ſhee ſpide mee, and when I came ſhee flyde mee, thus when I

was beeguiled, ſhee at my ſighing, ſhe at my ſighing, ſhee at my ſighing ſmyled,

But if you take ſuch pleaſure, of hope and ioy my treaſure, by deceipt to bee-

reaue mee, loue me & ſo deceiue mee. But if you take ſuch pleaſure, of hope and

ioy my treaſure, by deceipt to bereaue me, loue me & ſo deceiue mee.

What can I dooe my deareſt, of the ſweet
help depriued, :||: of thoſe thy
fayre eyes, by which I ſtill, I ſtill haue liued, by which I ſtill, I ſtill haue
liued, How can my ſoule endure, thus charg'd with ſadneſſe, Exile, from
thy deere ſight, ſo full of glad- neſſe, :||:
How can my ſoule endure, thus charg'd with ſadneſſe, Exile, from thy deere ſight,
ſo full of glad- neſſe. ſo full of glad- neſſe.

WOE am I my heart dies, as that which on thy
will relies, ſince then I die, :||: onely in hope to
pleaſe thee, ſince then I dye, onely in hope to pleaſe thee, No griefe of
death though cruell, ſhall diſeaſe mee, yet ſhall I bee tormented, :||:
cru-ell, to ſee thee pleaſ'd and contented. yet ſhall I bee tormented,
:||: cru-ell to ſee thee pleaſ'd and contented, cruell, to
ſee thee pleaſ'd and contented.

Farewell my loue, I part contented, :||:
since tis ordein'd ỹ I muſt leaue thee, :||:
Oh might I ſtay, although tormented, the paine next
death, the paine next death would little greeue mee, the paine next death would
little greeue mee, No greater torment can bee proued, then thus to part, then
thus to part from my beeloued. No greater torment can bee proued, then thus to
part, then thus to part from my beeloued.

Leepe now my Muſe, and henceforth take thy reſt, ſleepe

now my muſe, & henceforth take thy reſt, which all to long

thy ſelfe in vaine had waſted, Let it ſuffice, :||: I ſtill muſt liue op-

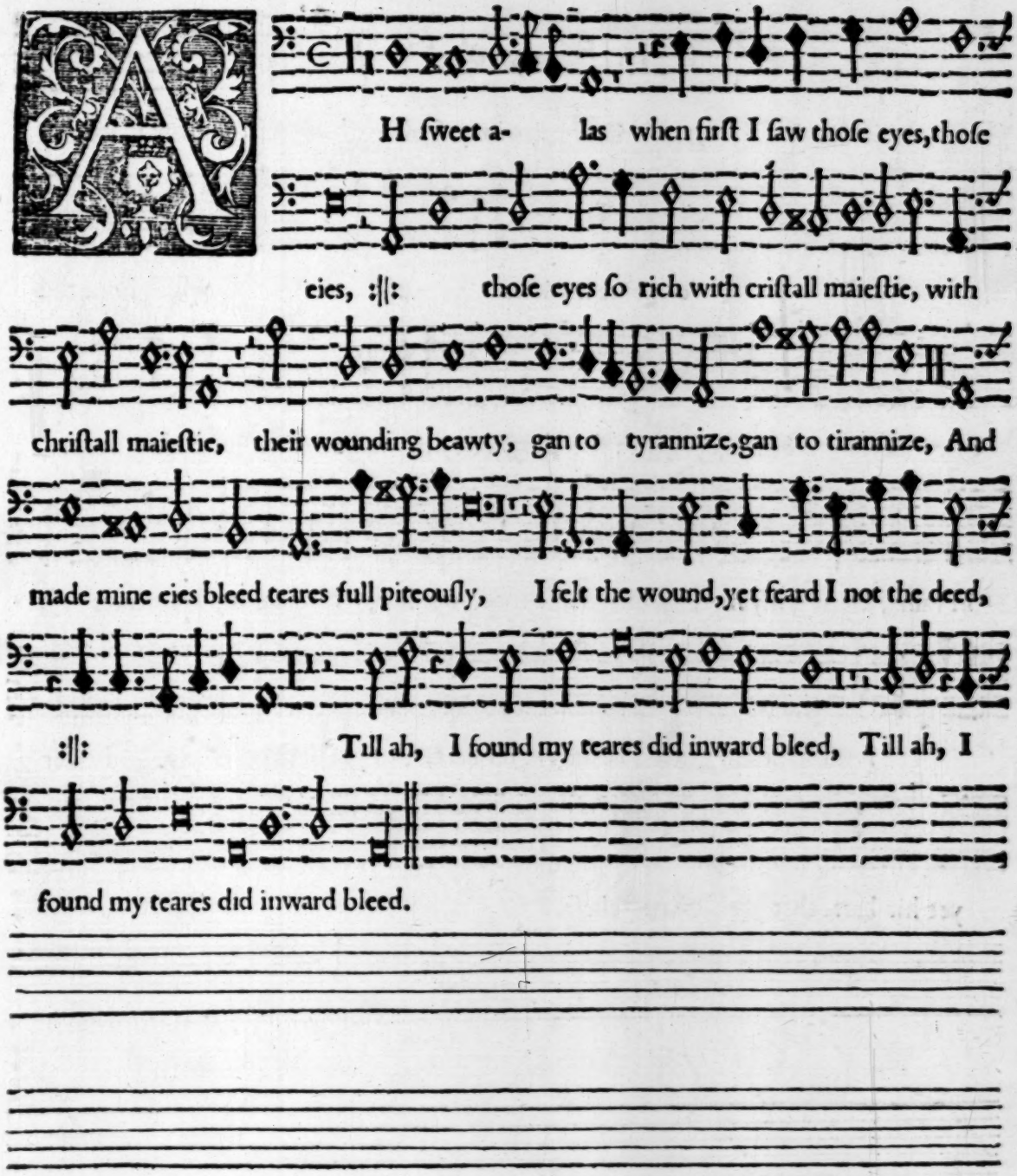
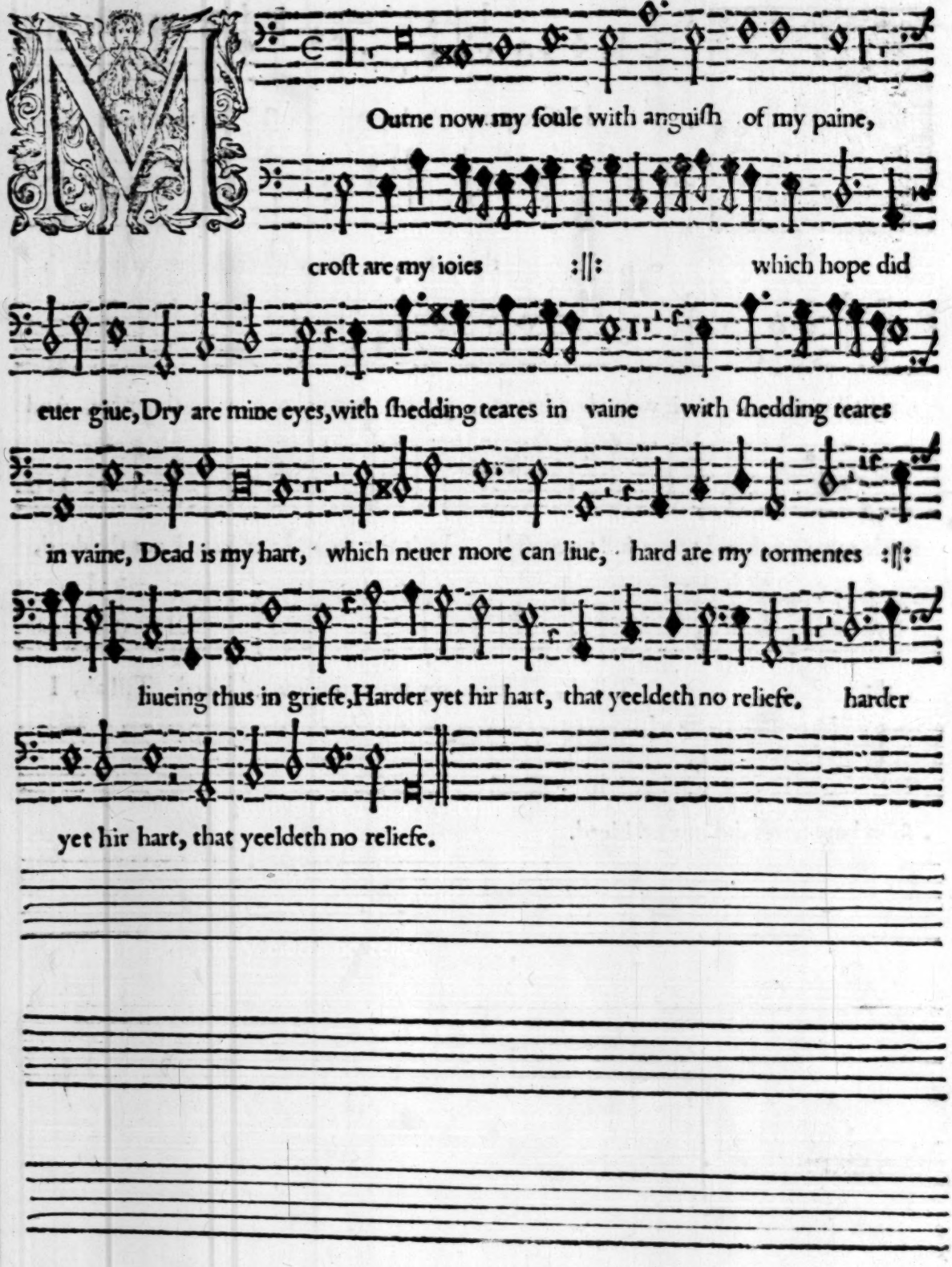
preſt, and of my paines, :||: the fruit muſt nere be taſted, and of my

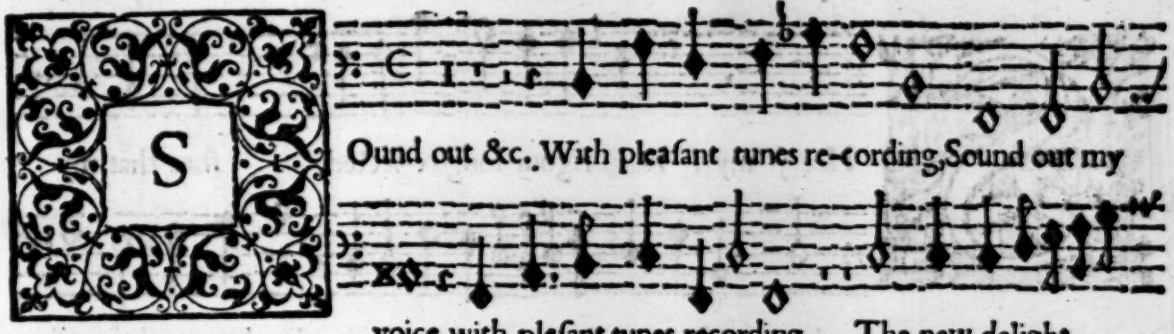
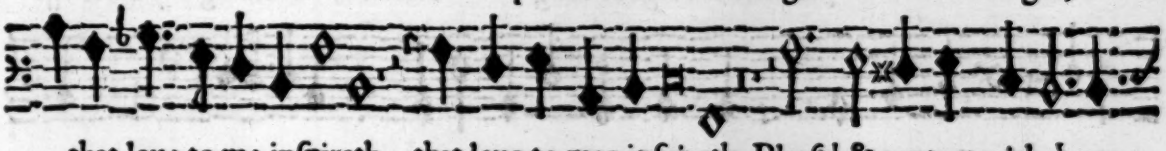
paines, the fruit muſt nere bee taſted, Then ſleepe my Muſe, :||: Fate

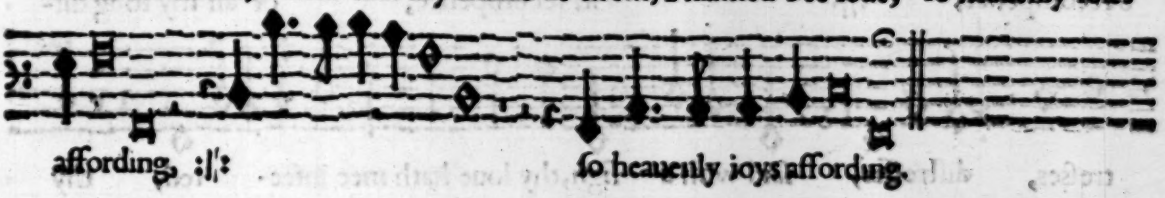
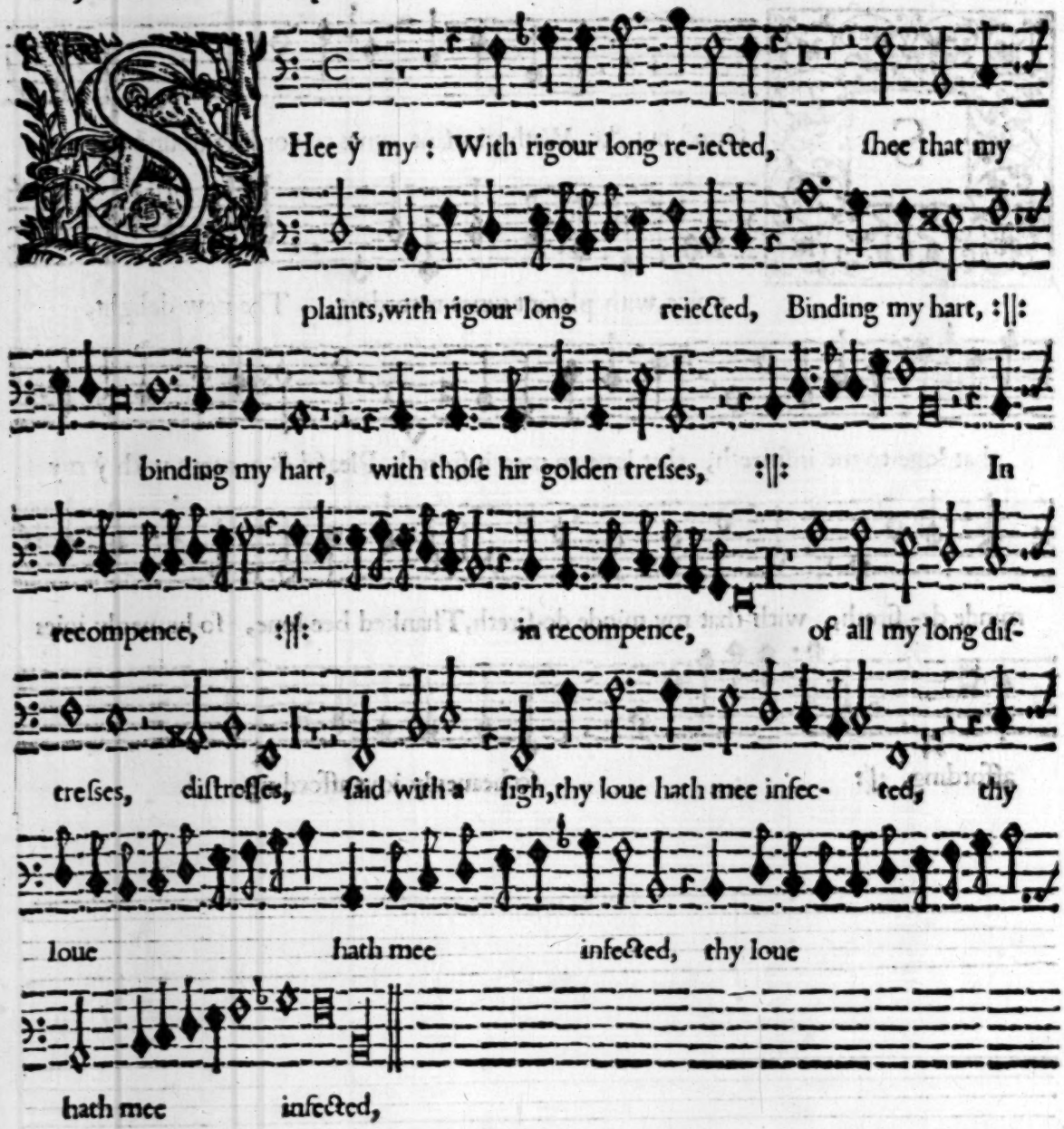
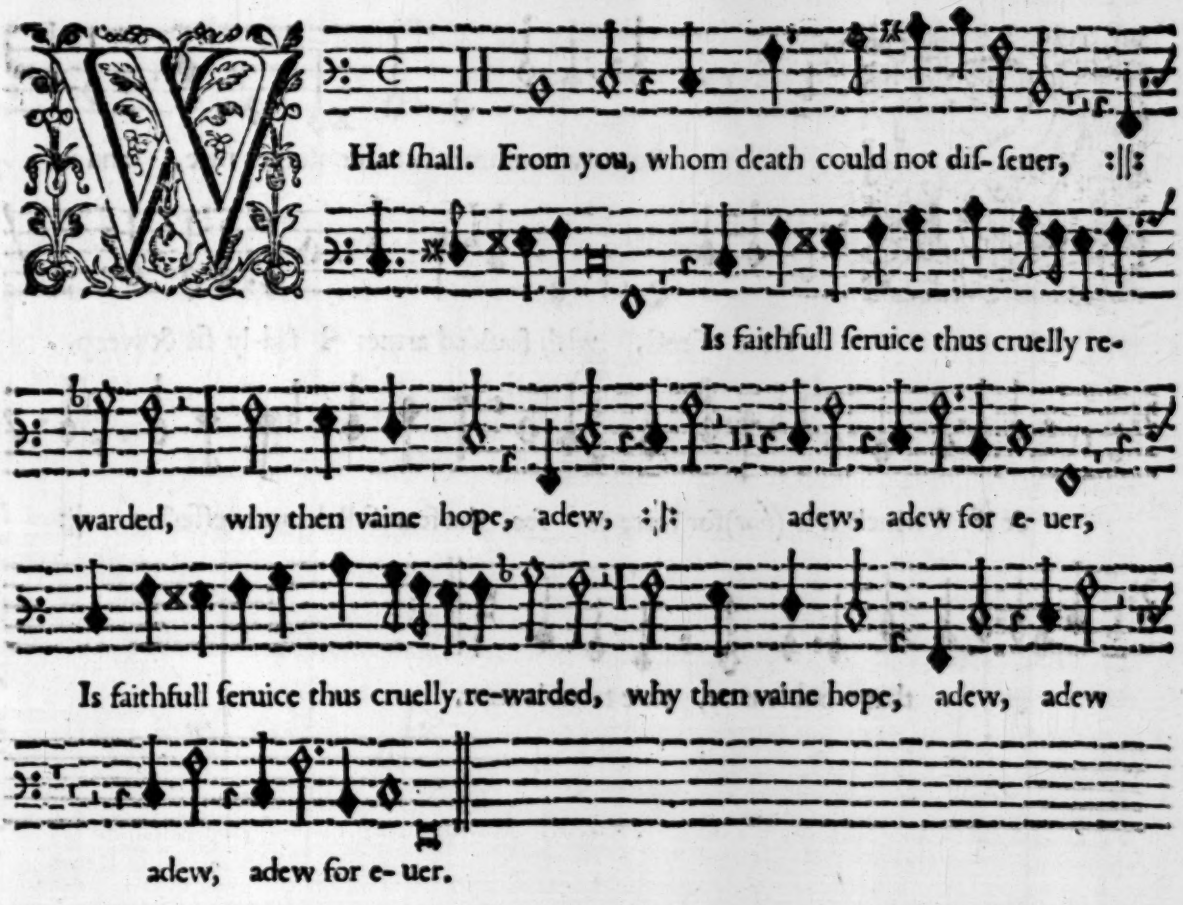
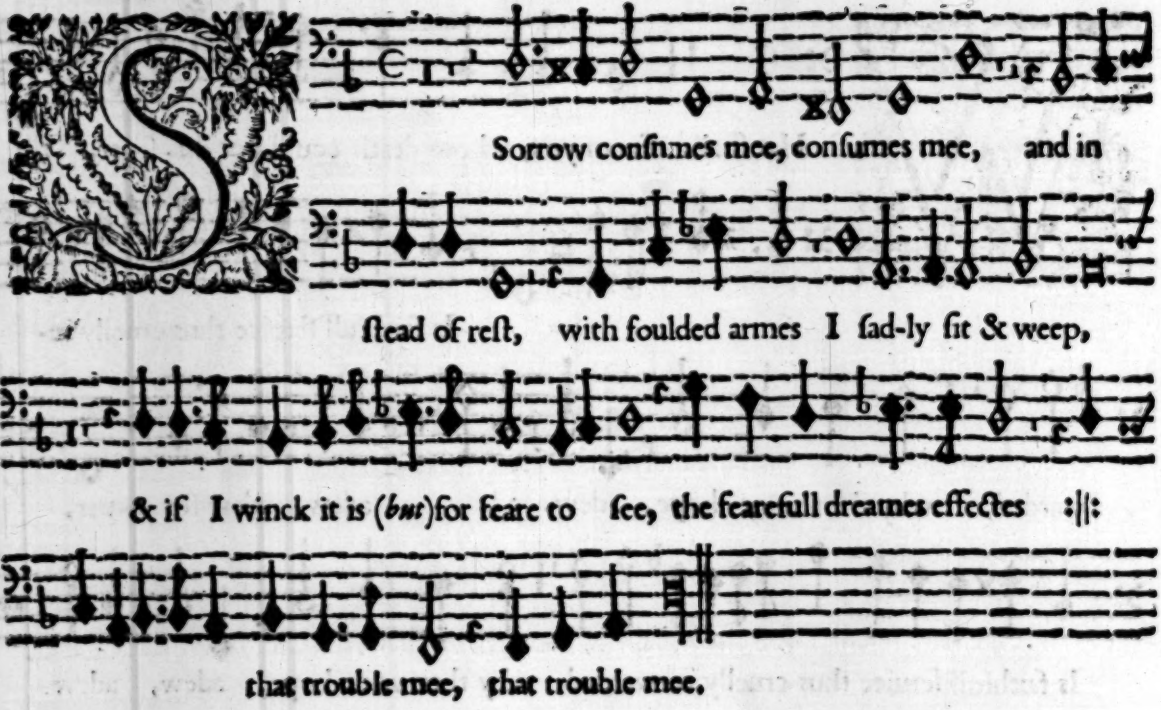
cannot be withſtood, it's better ſleepe, then wake & do no good. Then ſleepe my

Muſe, :||: Fate cannot bee withſtood, it's better ſleepe, then wake and

dooe no good. it's bet-ter ſleepe, then wake and dooe no good.

Heere endeth the ſongs of foure parts.

AH ſweet a- las when firſt I ſaw thoſe eyes, thoſe
eies, :||: thoſe eyes ſo rich with criſtall maieſtie, with
chriſtall maieſtie, their wounding beawty, gan to tyrannize, gan to tirannize, And
made mine eies bleed teares full piteouſly, I felt the wound, yet feard I not the deed,
:||: Till ah, I found my teares did inward bleed, Till ah, I
found my teares did inward bleed.

Ourne now my ſoule with anguiſh of my paine,
croſt are my ioies :||: which hope did
euer giue, Dry are mine eyes, with ſhedding teares in vaine with ſhedding teares
in vaine, Dead is my hart, which neuer more can liue, hard are my tormentes :||:
liueing thus in griefe, Harder yet hir hart, that yeeldeth no reliefe. harder
yet hir hart, that yeeldeth no reliefe.


Ound out &c. With pleasant tunes re-cording, Sound out my
voice, with plesant tunes recording, The new delight,

that loue to me inspireth, that loue to mee inspireth, Pleas'd & content with ỳ my

minde de- sireth, with that my minde de-sireth, Thanked bee loue, so heauenly ioies

affording, :|: so heauenly joys affording.

Hee ẏ my : With rigour long re-iected, ſhee that my
plaints,with rigour long reiected, Binding my hart, :||:
binding my hart, with thoſe hir golden treſses, :||: In
recompence, :||: in recompence, of all my long diſ-
treſses, diſtreſſes, ſaid with a ſigh,thy loue hath mee infec- ted, thy
loue hath mee infected, thy loue
hath mee infected,

What ſhall. From you, whom death could not diſ-ſeuer, :||:
Is faithfull ſeruice thus cruelly re-
warded, why then vaine hope, adew, :|: adew, adew for e- uer,
Is faithfull ſeruice thus cruelly re-warded, why then vaine hope, adew, adew
adew, adew for e- uer.

Sorrow consumes mee, consumes mee, and in
stead of rest, with foulded armes I sad-ly sit & weep,
& if I winck it is (but) for feare to see, the fearefull dreames effectes :||:
that trouble mee, that trouble mee.

Heauens? Alas, Muſt I my ſelfe be murdrer of my ſelfe, be

murdrer of my ſelfe, muſt I my ſelfe, a- las be forſt to

ope the way, wherat my ſoule in wounds may ſal- ly forth, :||:

hard is my hap, :||: & thus in griefe I dye.

Hy ſhould I loue, :‖: ſince ſhee doth proue vngratefull, ſince for re- ward I reape naught but diſdaine. Loue thus to bee requited, it is hatefull, :‖: & reaſon would I ſhould not loue in vaine, I ſhould not loue in vaine, yet all in vaine when all is out of ſeaſon, for loue, for loue, hath no ſo-ci-e-tie with reaſon. yet all in vaine, when all is out of ſeaſon, for loue, for loue, hath no ſo-ci- e- tie with reaſon.

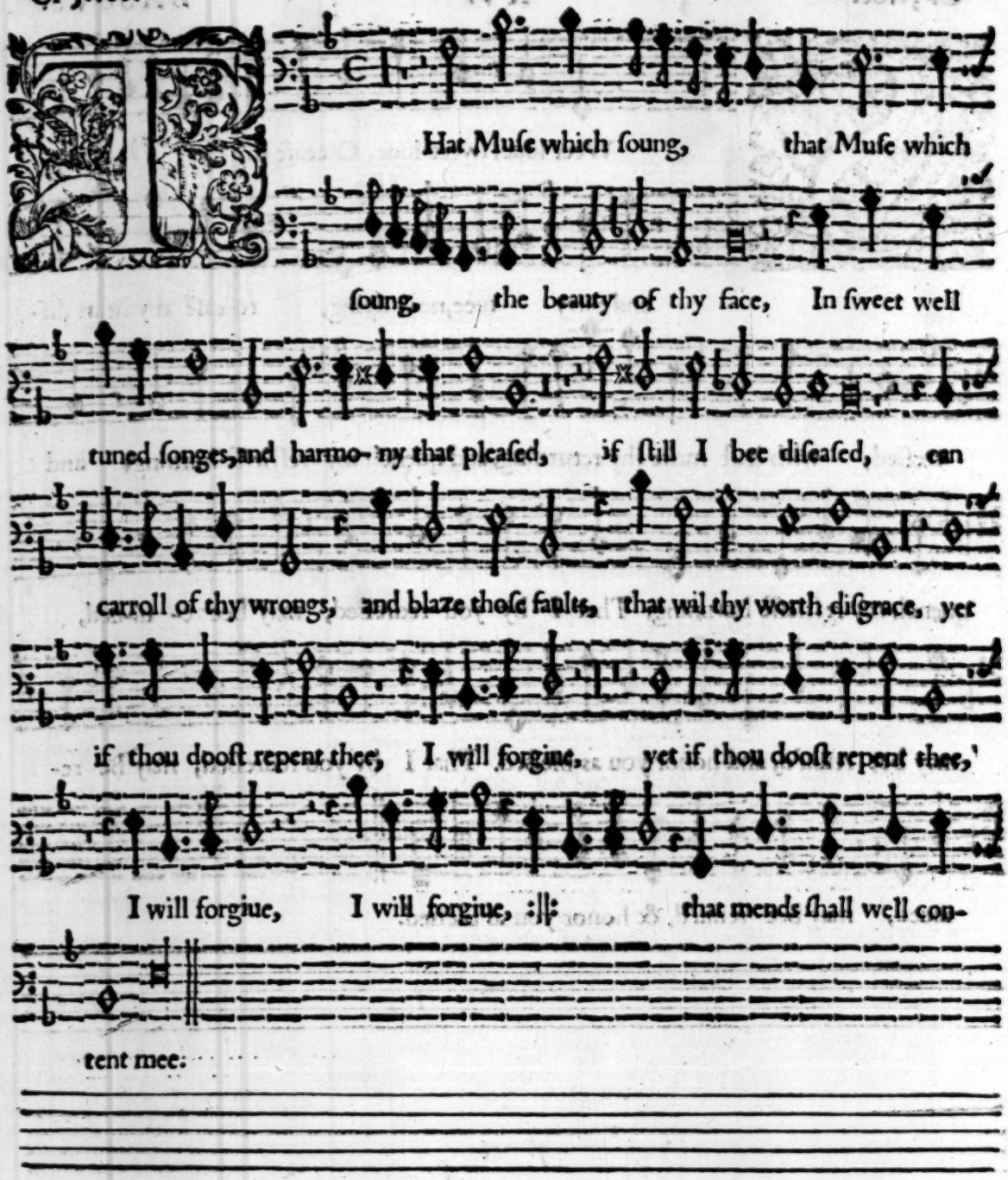
Weet loue, ſweet loue, O ceaſe thy fly- ing,

and pitty mee, now dying, to eaſe my heart diſ-

treſsed, with haſt make thy returning, and quench my reſtleſſe burning, and

quench my reſtleſſe burning, That I by you redreſsed, may bee re- ui-ued,

may bee reuiu'd, and honor you as bleſsed. That I by you redreſsed, may be re-

uiued, may bee reuiu'd, & honor you as bleſsed.

That Muſe which ſoung, that Muſe which
ſoung, the beauty of thy face, In ſweet well
tuned ſonges, and harmo- ny that pleaſed, if ſtill I bee diſeaſed, can
carroll of thy wrongs, and blaze thoſe faults, that wil thy worth diſgrace, yet
if thou dooſt repent thee, I will forgiue, yet if thou dooſt repent thee,
I will forgiue, I will forgiue, :||: that mends ſhall well con-
tent mee.

Ee what a maze of error, and la- borinth

of terror, my loue hath tra- ced, my loue

hath tra- ced, wretched I, :||: whom loue paineth,

whom loue paineth, and true faith onely gaineth, hope vt- terly disgraced,

& by disdaine, & by disdaine defaced. & by disdaine, & by dis-

daine defaced.

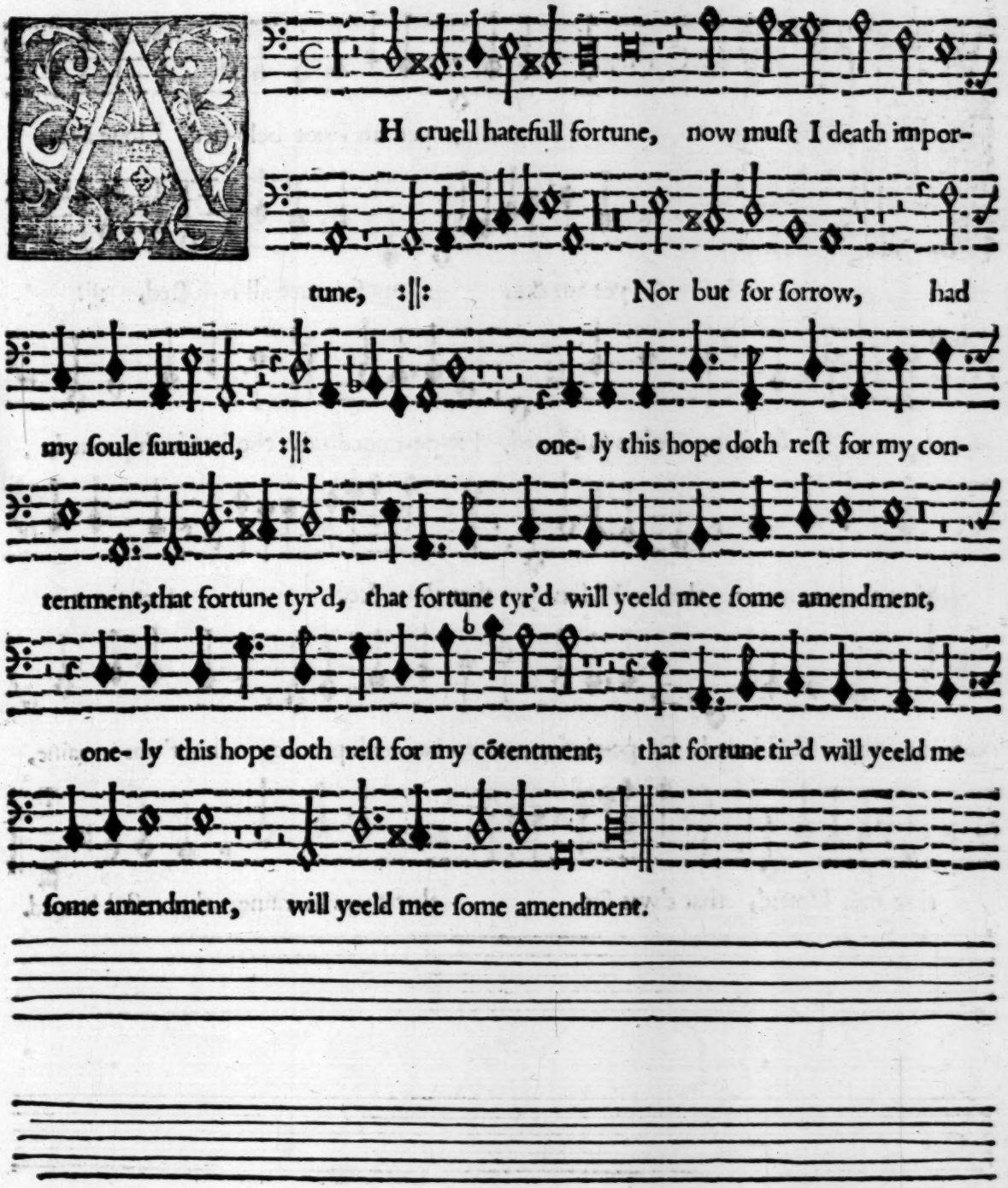
IF pittie reigne with beautie, then may I

bee assured, :||: that what my

harme procu- red, :||: will yeeld mee help of duety, For

wrongfull she was neuer, then why should I, for wrongfull she was neuer, then

why should I, still in dispaire perseuer.

Heere endeth the songs of fiue parts.

AH cruell hatefull fortune, now muſt I death impor-
tune, :||: Nor but for ſorrow, had
my ſoule ſuruiued, :||: one- ly this hope doth reſt for my con-
tentment,that fortune tyr'd, that fortune tyr'd will yeeld mee ſome amendment,
one- ly this hope doth reſt for my cõtentment; that fortune tir'd will yeeld me
ſome amendment, will yeeld mee ſome amendment.

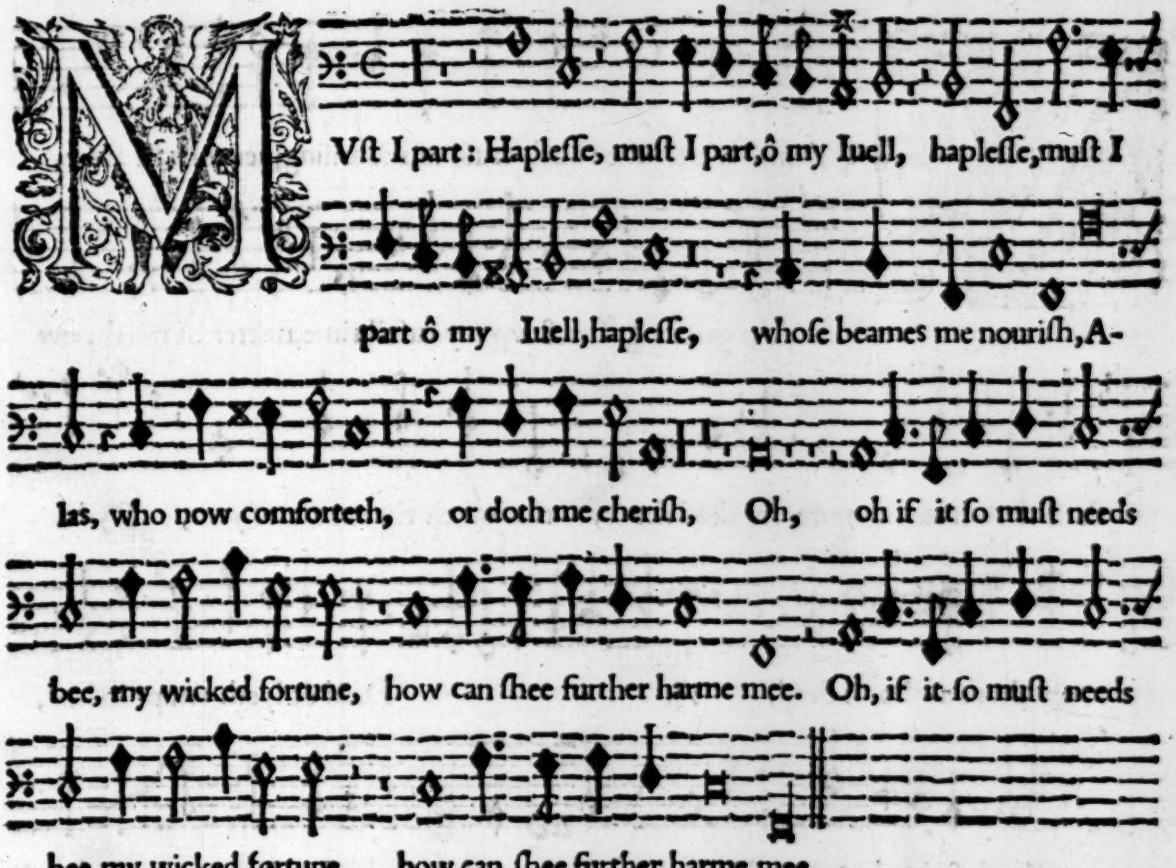
Loue alas, yet am I not belo-ued, I loue a- las

yet am &c. my ſutes are all re-iected, :||:

& all my lookes ſuſpected, Ex-pe-rience now too late hath proued,

that t'was in vaine, that erſt I loued, that t'was &c. that t'was in

vaine, that erſt I loued, Ex-pe-rience now to late hath proued, that t'was in vaine,

that erſt I loued, that t'was &c. that t'was in vaine, that erſt I lo-ued.

MVſt I part: Hapleſſe, muſt I part, ô my Iuell, hapleſſe, muſt I
part ô my Iuell, hapleſſe, whoſe beames me nouriſh, A-
las, who now comforteth, or doth me cheriſh, Oh, oh if it ſo muſt needs
bee, my wicked fortune, how can ſhee further harme mee. Oh, if it ſo muſt needs
bee, my wicked fortune, how can ſhee further harme mee.

P then, Melpomene: Such cause of mourning, neuer hadst afore,

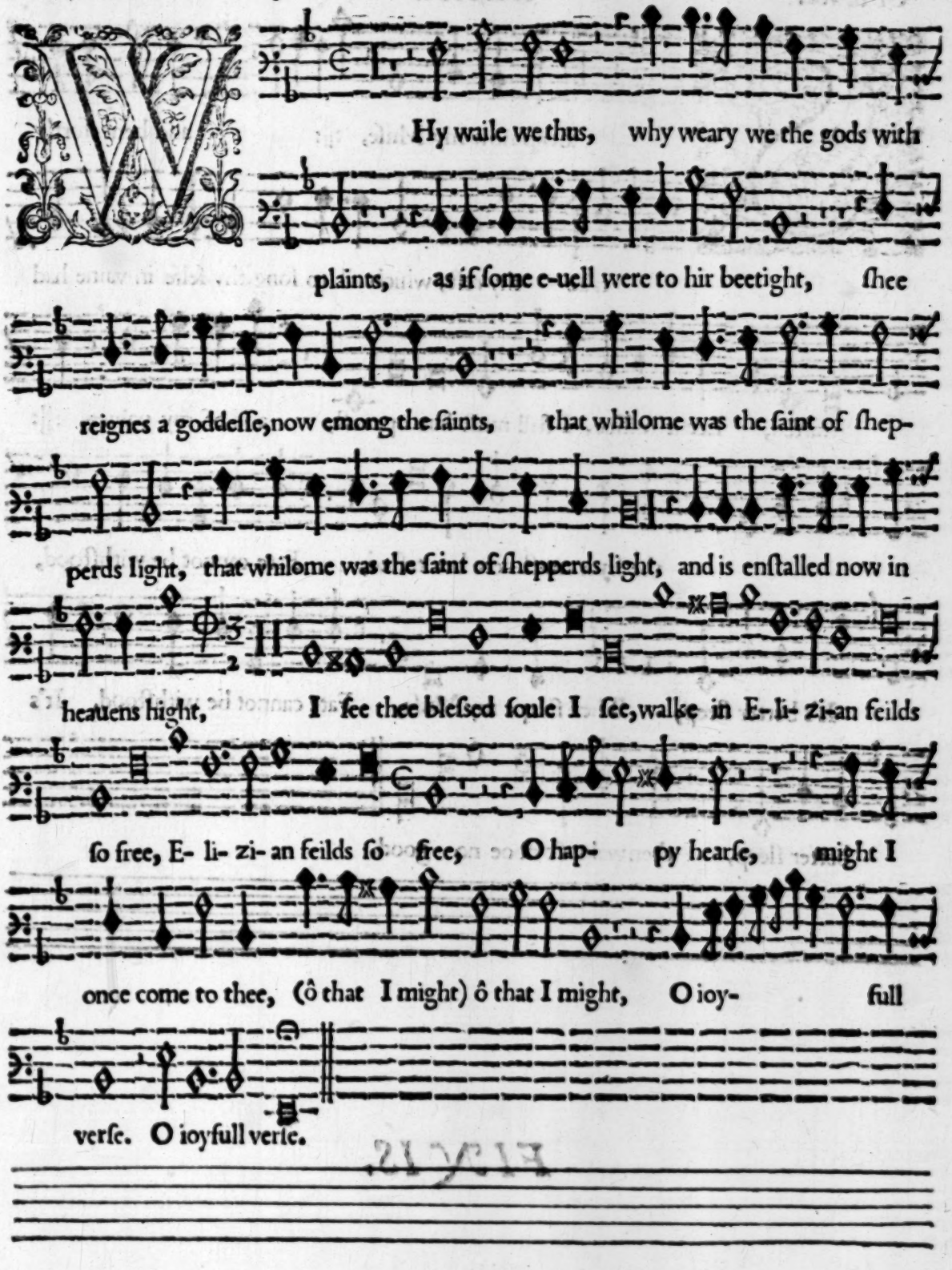
Vp griesly gostes, & vp my rufull rime, matter of mirth now

shalt thou haue no more, for dead she is, that mirth thee made of yore, Dydo

my deare a- las is dead, :||: Dead & lyeth wrapt in lead,

Dead & lyeth wrapped in lead, O heauy hearse, Let streaming tears bee

pou- red out in store, Let streaming teares bee poured out in store, O

carefull verse, ô carefull verse.

Why waile we thus, why weary we the gods with
plaints, as if ſome e-uell were to hir beetight, ſhee
reignes a goddeſſe, now emong the ſaints, that whilome was the ſaint of ſhep-
perds light, that whilome was the ſaint of ſhepperds light, and is enſtalled now in
heauens hight, I ſee thee bleſsed ſoule I ſee, walke in E- li- zi- an feilds
ſo free, E- li- zi- an feilds ſo free, O hap- py hearſe, might I
once come to thee, (ô that I might) ô that I might, O ioy- full
verſe. O ioyfull verſe.

Leep now my Muſe, :||: and henceforth take thy reſt, which all to long, thy ſelfe in vaine had waſted, Let it ſuffice, I ſtill muſt liue oppreſt, and of my paines, :||: the fruit muſt nere bee taſted, Fate cannot be withſtood, It's better ſleep, Then ſleepe my Muſe, Fate cannot be withſtood, It's better ſleep, then wake & dooe no good.

FINIS.

SEXTVS.

The first set

OF ENGLISH

Madrigalls,

to 4. 5. & 6. voyces.

Made and newly published

by

George Kirbye.

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Este
dwelling in alderſgate
ſtreet.
1597.

SEXTVS.

OF ENGLISH

to 4, 5, & 6. voyces

Compos'd

Printed by I. Playford
dwelling in Aldersgate

To the vertuous, and very worthy Gentlewomen, Mistris Anne: and Mistris Frauncis Iermin, daughters to the right worshipfull, Syr Robert Iermin Knight, (his very good Maister) G.K. wisheth in this life, increase of all vertues, and in the life to come, the full fruition of all happinesse.

IT were a thing very vnnecessary (thrise worthy & vertuous gentlewomen) for mee (although I were able) to speake any thing in commendation & praise of Musicke, considering (besides that many learned men haue learnedly written in commendation thereof) the examples of times past, and our owne experience euery day, doth giue sufficient testimonie both of the pleasure and proffit that it bringeth to a distressed & melancholy mind. Also I think it conuenient not to answere (otherwise then with silence) to those (more senceless then brute beastes) that with open mouthes doe in-veigh, & speake all the euill they can against that excellent knowledge. But it standeth mee in hand, rather to craue pardon, for this my boldnes, in putting to the veiw of so many learned Musitions, (which this age & Realme affordeth) these first fruites of my poore knowledge in Musicke, yet I hope, that as they themselues had small entrances, beefore they came to their perfection, so they will fauourably, accept of these beginnings, looking for better hereafter: And in hope of their better likings, I haue made choise of you to patronise these my labours, as well for the Hæreditarie vertues of your godly parentes alreadie dwelling in you, as also for the delight, knowledge, and practise which you haue in Musicke, in the which few or none (that I know) can excell you. Vouchsafe therefore (worthy Mistrisses) to vndertake the tuition of that, which by right & equitie, you may challenge for your owne, being no straungers, but home bredd, & which for your delight & cõtentments were first by me compiled: & as you seemed to like them, being mine, so I doe not doubt but you will more fauour them, now beeing your owne. Then I (your deuoted seruant) shall think my paines heerein very well rewarded, & be better encouraged to employ my time hereafter in your further seruice.

Yours in all duetie,

George Kirbye.

THE TABLE

Songs to 4. voyces.

LOE heere my heart I leaue. I
Alas what hope of speeding. II
What can I doe my deareſt. III
Woe am I my hart dies. IIII
Farewell my loue. V
Sleep now my Muſe. VI

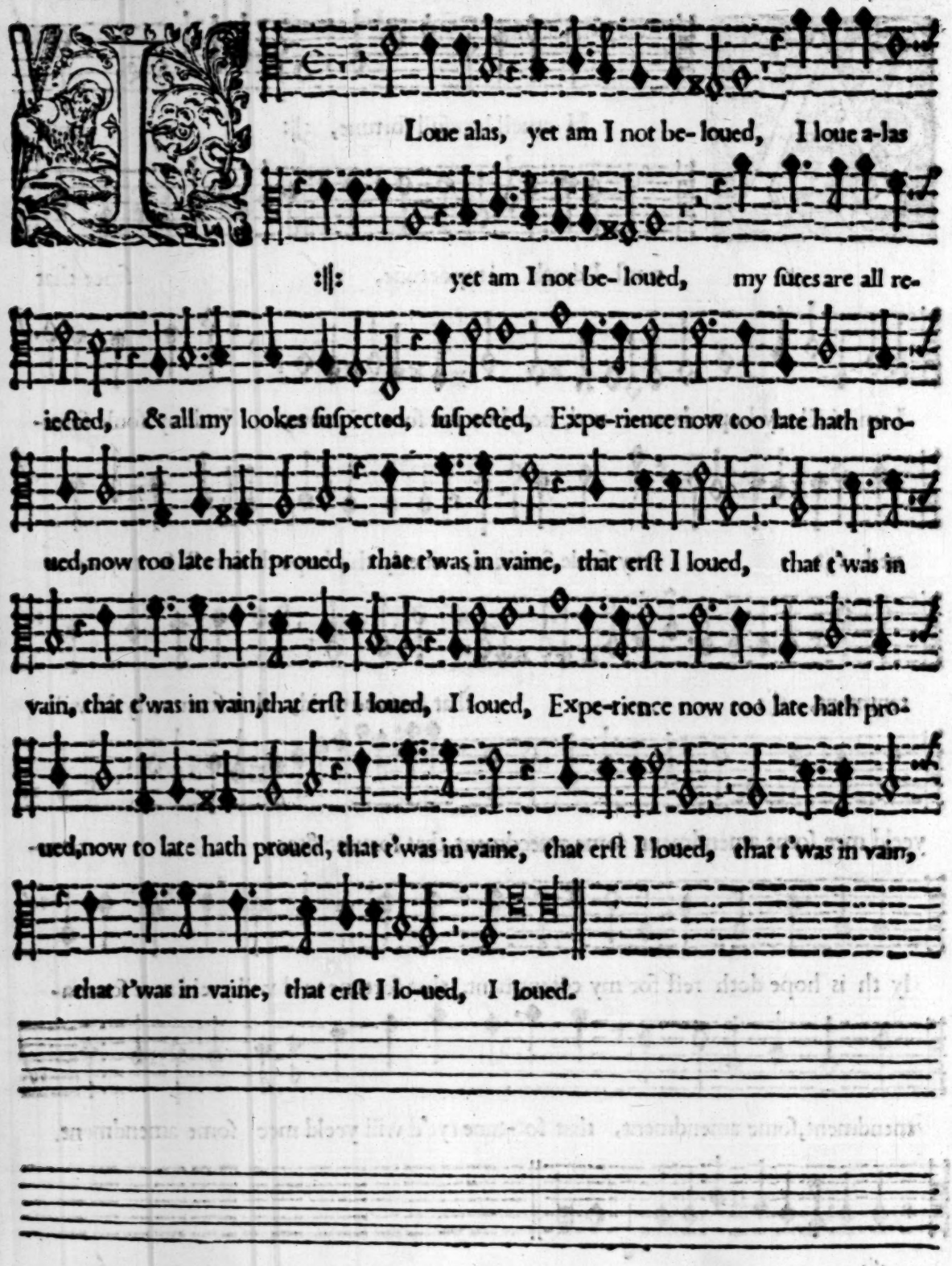
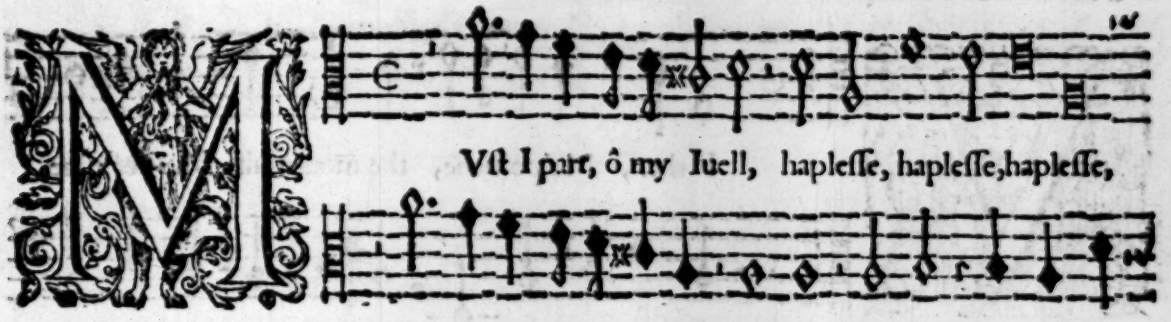
Songs to 5. voyces.

Ah ſweet alas when firſt I ſaw. VII
Mourne now my ſoule. VIII
Sound out my voyce. 1. part. IX
Shee that my plaints. 2. part. X
What ſhall I part thus vnrewarded. XI
Sorrow conſumes mee. 1. part. XII
Oh heauens. 2. part. XIII
Why ſhould I loue. XIIII
Sweet loue, ſweet loue. XV
That Muſe which ſoung, XVI
See what a maze of error. XVII
If pittie reigne with beautie. XVIII

Songs to 6. voyces.

Ah cruell hatefull fortune. XIX
I loue alas, yet am I not beloued. XX
Muſt I part my ſweet iewell. XXI
Vp then, Melpomene. 1. part. XXII
Why waile wee thus. 2. part. XXIII
Sleep now my Muſe. XXIIII

FINIS.

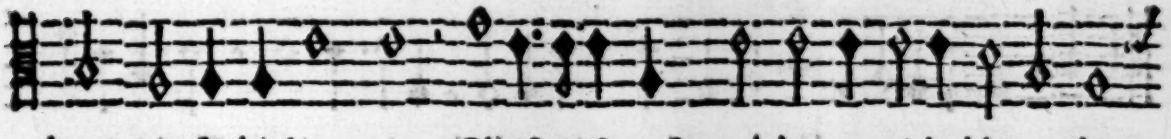
AH cruell hatefull fortune, :||: now
must I death importune, :||: since that
I am of all my hope depri- ued, nor but for sor- row, had my soule surui-
ued, :||: my soule surui-ued, one-ly this hope doth rest for my con-
tentment, :||: that fortune tyr'd, that fortune tyr'd will
yeeld mee some amendment, some ameedment, that fortune &c. one-
ly th is hope doth rest for my cõtentment, that fortune tir'd will yeeld mee some a-
mendment, some amendment, that for-tune tyr'd will yeeld mee some amendment.
:||:

Loue alas, yet am I not be- loued, I loue a-las
:||: yet am I not be- loued, my ſutes are all re-
-iected, & all my lookes ſuſpected, ſuſpected, Expe-rience now too late hath pro-
ued, now too late hath proued, that t'was in vaine, that erſt I loued, that t'was in
vain, that t'was in vain, that erſt I loued, I loued, Expe-rience now too late hath pro-
-ued, now to late hath proued, that t'was in vaine, that erſt I loued, that t'was in vain,
that t'was in vaine, that erſt I lo-ued, I loued.

Vſt I part, ô my Iuell, hapleſſe, hapleſſe, hapleſſe,

muſt I part, ô my Iuell, hapleſſe, hapleſſe, frō my faire

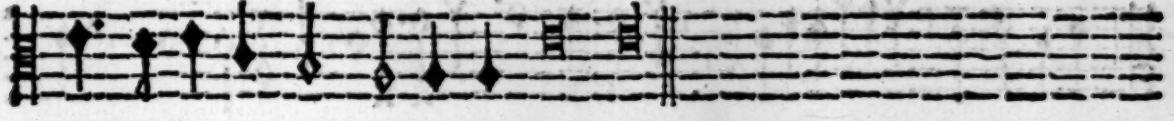
ſunne, whoſe beames me nouriſh, whoſe beames me nouriſh, Alas, who now comfor-

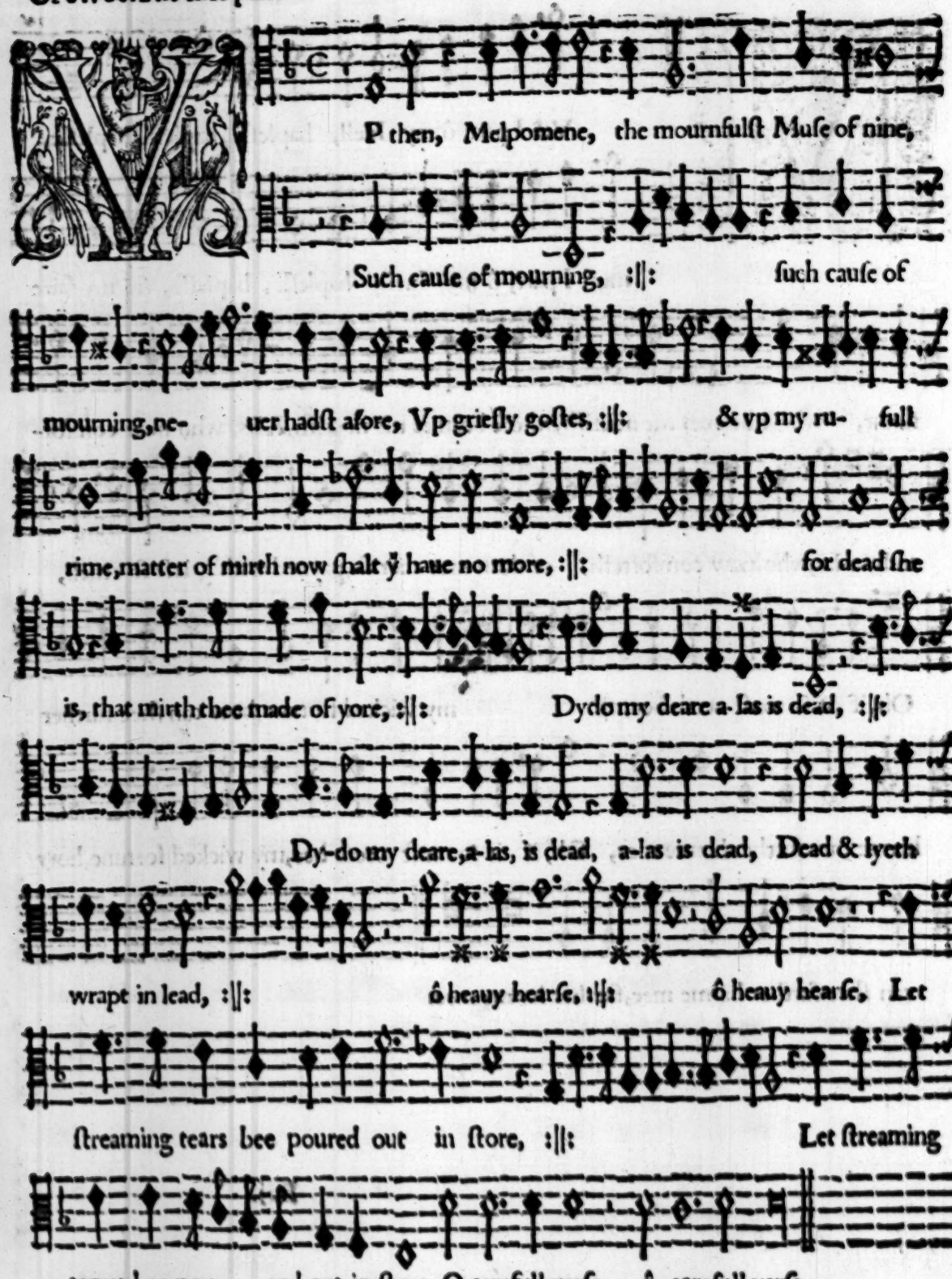
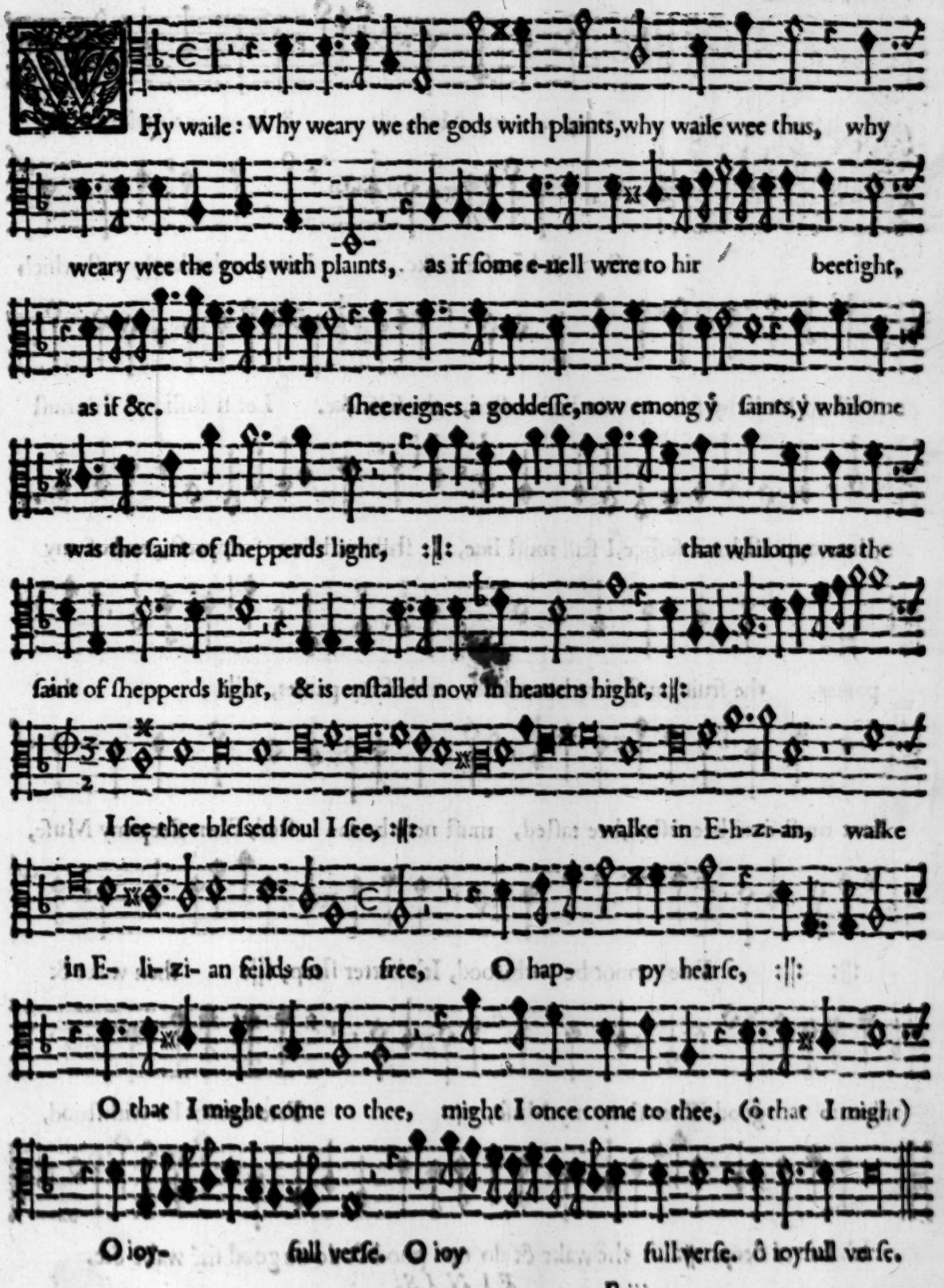
teth, a-las, who now comforteth; or doth mee cheriſh, payned with griefe ſo cruell,

Oh, if it ſo muſt needs bee, :||: my wicked fortune, how can ſhee further



harme mee further harme mee, Oh, if it ſo muſt needs bee, my wicked fortune, how



can ſhee further harme mee, further harme mee.

VP then, Melpomene, the mournfulst Muse of nine,
Such cause of mourning, :||: such cause of
mourning, ne- uer hadst afore, Vp griesly gostes, :||: & vp my ru- full
rime, matter of mirth now shalt ỹ haue no more, :||: for dead she
is, that mirth thee made of yore, :||: Dydo my deare a-las is dead, :||:
Dy-do my deare, a-las, is dead, a-las is dead, Dead & lyeth
wrapt in lead, :||: ô heauy hearse, :||: ô heauy hearse, Let
streaming tears bee poured out in store, :||: Let streaming
teares bee pou- red out in store, O carefull verse, ô carefull verse.

Hy waile: Why weary we the gods with plaints, why waile wee thus, why
weary wee the gods with plaints, as if ſome e-uell were to hir beetight,
as if &c. ſhee reignes a goddeſſe, now emong ỹ ſaints, ỹ whilome
was the ſaint of ſhepperds light, :||: that whilome was the
ſaint of ſhepperds light, & is enſtalled now in heauens hight, :||:
I ſee thee bleſsed ſoul I ſee, :||: walke in E-li-zi-an, walke
in E- li- zi- an feilds ſo free, O hap- py hearſe, :||:
O that I might come to thee, might I once come to thee, (ô that I might)
O ioy- full verſe. O ioy full verſe. ô ioyfull verſe.

Leep now my Muſe, :||: & henceforth take thy
reſt, & hēceforth &c. henceforth take thy reſt, which
all to long, thy ſelfe in vain had waſted, thy ſelfe &c. Let it ſuffice, I ſtil muſt
liue oppreſt, let it ſuffice, I ſtill muſt liue, I ſtill muſt liue oppreſt, and of my
paines, the fruit muſt nere bee taſted, and of my paines, :||: the
fruit muſt nere bee taſted, bee taſted, muſt nere be ta- ſted, Then ſleep my Muſe,
:||: Fate cannot be withſtood, It's better ſleep, :||: then wake &
doe no good, Then ſleep my Muſe, :||: Fate cannot be withſtood,
It's better ſleep, :||: thē wake & do no good & do no good thē wake &c.

FINIS.

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